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McKean County Democrat.

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FOURTH OF JULY IN SMETHPORT

Derrick City Won Two Games From Smethport.

MORNING GAME A GREAT CONTEST.

Score Morning League Game, 1 to 0—Afternoon Exhibition Game, 9 to 7—Dance in Evening.

Smethport's sane celebration of the Fourth was an entire success. Both games of ball were interesting, the morning game being a great exhibition of the national sport. The dance at the Lyceum in the evening, although not largely attended, was a very pleasant affair and no one regretted staying in town during the day.

MORNING GAME.

One of the best games for all around ball playing ever witnessed in the town was that of Tuesday morning when Derrick City defeated Smethport by a score of 1 to 0 in a nine inning struggle that did not contain a dull minute. Smethport went to bat first and Daniels hit the first ball pitched to short stop Keenan nabbed it and retired the runner at first. McCabe hit the second and King the third ball pitched. Both were retired Korner to Byers.

Naber sent Denning's first effory to Estry and was out, and Korner duplicated the performance. Thus the first five men were retired on five pitched balls. Byers made a hit, but tried to take another on the throw in and was out, Keefer to Daniels. In the next three innings the Pumpers were retired in one, two, three order.

With two out in the second inning Estry made a hit and Bell took first on balls, but both were left as Andrew sent up a fly to Naber.

McKay made a hit for Derrick in the fifth with two out, but King and Keefer disposed of the next one. Two more innings followed where but six men faced Denning.

Smethport lost a chance to score in the fifth. King cracked out a single. Keefer followed with a sacrifice upon which King tried to make third but was doubled up on Byers' throw to Naber. Croissant sent a hot one to Naber who muffed it and Estry came along with another hit, but the opportunity to score was lost. Bell sent a fly out to McKay.

In the sixth McCabe made a hit. King went out on a fly. Keefer sacrificed, sending McCabe second. Croissant flew out to McKay.

Watson dropped Daniels' fly in the eighth, with one out, but two more easy flies to the outfield settled matters for that inning.

The ninth inning opened with the score 0 to 0. Keefer sent a hot one to Byers, but he was equal to the emergency and the big first baseman was out. Croissant sent a fly out to Watson and Estry was retired, Naber to Byers. Delo came to bat for Derrick and was promptly fanned by Denning. Naber made a hit and stole second, reaching that base almost simultaneously with the ball. Korner sacrificed and Naber reached third. Byers sent a liner between McCabe and King, and Zeke made a desperate effort to nail it. He hurled himself through the air, almost on a line with the ball and succeeded in knocking it down, but it could not be fielded in time to catch either runner and Naber scored.

There is no question but that every man on both teams worked every minute for victory and put forth their very best efforts. Denning was in splendid form and gave a great exhibition of his twirling abilities. He did not issue a pass and fanned two men. Delo also pitched winning ball, sending but one man to first on balls. He fanned only one man but his work at critical stages was excellent. McCabe made some wonderful stops and Daniels looked after everything in the vicinity of second base—his catch of a fly that looked like a hit in the fourth inning when a collision seemed inevitable, as three players were after the ball, was an especially brilliant play. Keefer dug them out of ground and out of the sky at first, his error being an excusable one on a low throw by McCabe.

Wm. C. Parker of Warren umpired both games in a fair and convincing manner and made a hit with players and spectators.

The game was a postponed league game and gave Derrick City another boost in the race for the pennant.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Daniels, 2d	4	0	0	2	4	0
McCabe, 3d	4	0	1	0	4	0
King, ss	4	0	1	1	2	0
Keefer, 1b	2	0	0	14	1	1
Croissant, c	4	0	0	2	0	0
Estry, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Bell, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Andrews, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Denning, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	0	3	*25	11	1

*Winning out hit by batted ball.

Derrick City	AB	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Naber, ss	4	1	1	2	3	1
Korner, 2d	3	0	0	1	5	0
Byers, 1st	3	0	0	11	0	0
Hyde, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Delo, 3d	3	0	1	1	2	0
Walker, c	3	0	0	5	2	0
Keenan, p	3	0	1	1	2	0
Everhart, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
McKay, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	29	1	4	25	14	1

*Two out when winning run was made.

AFTERNOON GAME.

Claude Denning was obliged to go on the rubber again in the afternoon after the heart to heart struggle in the morning. He was touched up for eleven hits—not a large number against a pitcher of ordinary ability, but several more than are usually made off the delivery of this gamey, young twirler. Six errors behind him helped Derrick City along to another victory. This was an exhibition game and Derrick City won by a score of 9 to 7.

The Pumpers made a run in the first inning on Korner's hit a sacrifice and an error.

Smethport was blanked until the third when Andrews lifted one over the right field fence for a homer. McCabe drew a pass, stole second, took third on an error and scored on Keefer's single.

Derrick made three in the third, two of them earned, on three hits, a steal and two errors. Two more were added in the sixth on two two-baggers and a single. Two hits and an error gave them another in the seventh, and two errors and a hit added a pair in the eighth.

After the third Smethport was blanked until the eighth when Keefer batted out a long single. Andrews was put in to run twas first base and immediately stole second. He was scrificed along by Estry and scored on a fielder's choice.

In the ninth inning with one out Denning awaited four wide ones. He started to steal second and Walker threw high to the base, Denning making third on the error. He scored an instant later on a wild pitch. In the meantime Andrews fanned. McCabe and Daniels cracked out singles. Then Keefer came to bat and jammed one over the right field fence and trotted around the bases in the wake of McCabe and Daniels. This state of affairs placed Smethport but two runs behind and great excitement prevailed. Estry was hit with a pitched ball and took first, but the inning and the game ended with Bell's fly to Hyde.

Croissant was injured while running to second in the fourth and Daniels was sent in to catch and Bell to second. While the men played fairly well in these positions it was detrimental to team work and the shift had much to do with losing the game.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Andrews, lf	4	1	1	0	0	1
McCabe, 3b	2	2	1	0	3	1
Daniels, 2nd-c	4	1	1	5	1	2
Keefer, 1st	4	2	3	14	0	0
Estry, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Croissant, c	3	0	1	0	0	0
McClure, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0
King ss	4	0	1	0	3	1
Denn ng, p	3	1	1	1	2	0
Bell, 2d	3	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	32	7	10	24	12	6

Derrick City	AB.	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Korner, 2d	5	3	4	4	2	0
Naber, ss	4*	1	1	0	5	1
Byers, 1st	5	1	0	11	0	0
Hyde, lf	4	2	3	2	0	0
Delo, 3d	5	0	1	1	2	0
Walker, c	4	0	0	5	2	0
Keenan, p	4	1	1	0	0	0
Everhart, rf	4	1	1	2	1	0
McKay, rf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	39	9	11	27	12	3

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	4	7	
Derrick City	1	0	3	0	0	2	1	2	*9	

Earned runs—Smethport 5; Derrick City 4.
Two base hits—King; Naber, Keenan.
Home runs—Andrews, Keefer.
Base on balls—off Denning 1; Keenan 6.
Struck out—by Denning 5; Keenan 2.
Hit by pitcher—McCabe, Estry.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Parker.

Suicide at Mt. Alton.

Thomas Callahan committed suicide Tuesday night at his home at Mt. Alton. Although he confided to no one his intention of committing the act, it is thought melancholia was the cause. He was about 25 years of age and had resided in Mt. Alton all his life.

Tuesday night he retired at 11 o'clock and seemed to be in usual spirits. At 6 o'clock yesterday morning his sister went to his room to call him to breakfast. He did not respond and she investigated and found the young man lying in bed with his head covered with the bed clothes, and one end of a rubber hose, the other end of which was attached to a gas jet on the wall, held in his hand close to his mouth. It is thought the young man killed himself directly after retiring.

Since the death of his mother several months ago Callahan had been despondent and had once before attempted suicide by taking poison, but was saved by the prompt action of friends. He was possessed of a good character and well liked by all who knew him. He is survived by his father, John Callahan, two sisters, May and Elizabeth, and two brothers, William Callahan and James Callahan, all of Mt. Alton.

House for Rent.

Nine room house on Hill street. Inquire of Andrew Ness.

Protect your animals from the torture of the flies by using So-Bos-So.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Judge Bouton's New Home.

Monday morning a MINER reporter visited Hon. J. W. Bouton's elegant new mansion on West Main street and was taken on a tour of inspection through the house by Messrs. Wm. C. Parker and A. R. Black, the famous interior decorators of Warren. Right here it must be stated of these gentlemen that aside from their widely recognized artistic talents and executive skill in decorating they are genial and courteous men upon all occasions and have made many friends during their sojourn in Smethport.

When one pauses to consider the deep thought, physical energy, mechanical accuracy and artistic excellence necessary in the construction and equipment of a building of this grade, the subject loses its prosaicism and becomes a monument of brain created work to be considered like any other masterpiece—an epic wrought by expert minds and hands.

The structure is of brick and native white sandstone. The exterior, embellished with spacious porches, is of an Elizabethan design of architecture, the fluted round and square columns of the porches giving a reassuring air of permanence and solidity to the building. That the entire structure is the product of skilled labor is apparent at the first glance and from this preface goes on to a finished finale, until the beholder is convinced that here stands a creation of modern progress from the first stone in the ponderous foundation to the last deft touch of the artist.

Mr. J. A. Olds, the well known contractor of Bradford had entire charge of the construction operations.

On entering the mansion through the massive front door the visitor finds himself in a roomy vestibule, with a wainscoting of golden oak for a base surmounted with panels of leather in imitation of elephant's skin, with galloons and border in strikingly harmonious, hand-painted designs.

The reception hall at the foot of the main stairway is also wood finished in golden oak, with beam ceiling containing panels of delicately decorated burlap. The walls are done in Spanish tooled leather of a red background with green and gold tints. Window seats and a quaint reproduction of an old-time settle invite a seating capacity of sixteen persons. These will be upholstered in Spanish leather of a blending shade of red. The floor is to be covered with five rugs the predominating colors being red and green. A finishing detail in the hall and in some of the rooms is the trimming with old metal effects. The hall is furnished with a cosy open fireplace as are the library and dining room.

At the left of the main hall through a spacious door is the parlor. The walls and ceilings are treated in cast relief work, forming panels in a thoroughly correct color scheme—a faithful reproduction of a room of the Queen Elizabeth period. In fact Elizabethan designs are closely followed throughout the house. The parlor portieres are of beautiful, two toned green silk velour, with madras laces for window overhangings. An elegant green rug of two shades with a border of pink roses will cover the floor. This room might be called an ideal of subdued splendor, the soft, delicate manipulations of the true artist being impressed upon the vision at every turn.

Wide doors connect the parlor and library. The walls of the latter room are covered with an imported green satin paper of French manufacture and the ceiling is hand decorated to match. The floor covering of this room is a rich tinted green Symrna rug. Off the library is an alcove finished in imitation of leather.

The walls of the dining room are done in an imported linen tapestry of fruit design, the beam ceiling cleverly paneled and the wall design carried out in decorations so dainty as to be little more than a suspicion, which captivates the eye. A detail that does not escape notice are the queerly colored globes of four lights suspended from the ceiling which seem to add the period to the completed sentence. The culminating impression of this room seems almost a triumph—one feels as if he should applaud the people who make possible these pleasing effects.

The hangings for the dining room are of blue velour and the floor rug is of pastel coloring, blue ground with greens and buffs.

Back of the library and dining room are butler's pantry, kitchen and two bath rooms, with walls of metile zinc covered with enamel wrought in neat designs. The bath rooms are floored with tile, but the general flooring used in the house is of rubbed and polished quartered oak. A feature of the kitchen furnishings is a mammoth refrigerator built into the wall.

The broad, oak banistered stairway leads one to the second floor where are located the bedrooms of the family and here as everywhere the arrangements are complete. The rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Bouton are located on the east side of the building and are examples of beauty of decorator's art. The children's rooms are on the west side—a separate blending of colors being used in the decoration of each.

The guest chamber is also located on the west side of the house. In regard to the wall paper design of this room an interesting incident is related: When Gen. Wodsworth of Geneseo, N. Y., returned from one of his famous campaigns he brought from New Orleans two French soldiers, who had served as privates in his command. They were employed as coachman and gardner. Soon afterward the General was having the interior of his house improved and the Frenchmen informed him that they had been decorators in their native land and wished to paint one of the rooms after a design of their own. This they did, and the General was so pleased with the design that he made a request in his will that the decorations of the room should never be changed. Birges, the great wall paper manufacturer, sent an artist to the house, who copied the design and it was reproduced as nearly as possible. The original design contained 17 colors and 14 of these were successfully copied by the greatest wall paper press in the world. This design is used in the guest chamber and is such a perfect imitation of hand painted relief work that a close examination is necessary to define the difference. Panels in relief are faithfully shown with a beautiful floral border effect.

The hall on the second floor is done in an elegant finish, and two bath rooms are conveniently located.

The third floor contains three bed rooms and a bath, all prettily decorated, aside from Mr. Bouton's den, which occupies the front of this floor. It is a large attractive room, the walls covered with warm, rich tones of Oriental tapestry and the ceiling finished in plain tint. The halls are plain ingrain with burlap bases.

The basement contains a laundry room furnished with stationary tubs, instantaneous heater and all modern conveniences. Also located here are several store rooms for provisions, fruits and vegetables, etc., and the boiler room containing the Gurney steam heating apparatus.

The plumbing throughout the building is of the best material and workmanship. Aside from gas fixtures of a superior grade the house is wired so that electricity can also be used. The light arrangement is controlled by switches in various parts of the house. By pushing a button in Judge Bouton's room the whole interior can be illuminated. The plumbing arrangements were looked after by H. H. Redfield of Smethport. Hyde & Murphy of Ridgway had charge of the interior wood work and the decorators, Parker & Black, who will soon have the house ready for occupancy, say that the work from foundation to chimney tops is of the very best grade.

Death of Mrs. Shelander.

Died at her home at Bloomster Hollow, July 2, Mrs. Frank Shelander, aged 43 years and 3 months, the cause of her death being heart trouble and dropsy.

Her maiden name was Amanda L. Hokenson and she was born at Golingstorp, Sweden, March 28, 1862. She came to this country in 1881, locating at Clermont, and the following year was married to Mr. Frank Shelander and in the spring of 1884 they moved to Bloomster Hollow where they have since resided.

Six children blessed their union, three boys, John A., Harry L. and Edward L. and three girls, Misses Ida and Segra all of Bloomster Hollow and Mrs. Jas. H. Bloomster of Marvindale, whom with her loving husband, two sisters and aged parents survive to mourn her death.

Mrs. Shelander was a woman of most estimable character who was beloved by her relatives and many friends and her demise will be deeply mourned by all who knew her.

Funeral services were held at the Shelander home July 4, Rev. G. L. Olson officiating. A large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to their final resting place in the Kasson cemetery.

G. B. B. A. Clam Bake.

The third annual clam bake of the Glass Bottle Blowers Assn. of Smethport was held in the grove at Burbank's crossing on Monday and like the previous bakes it was a decided success in every way.

The tickets were limited to 100 and a hungry but happy man representing each ticket at the feast. Raw clams, clam chowder, sandwiches, salads, liquid refreshments and cigars were on tap from 11 o'clock and at 4 o'clock the pit was opened and baked clams, blue fish, potatoes, etc., served. Everything was of the finest and too much praise cannot be given P. S. Curran for his excellent cooking and the general success of the clam bake.

The Lyceum orchestra furnished excellent music for the occasion and a good program of athletic and musical stunts was carried out, many of the guests taking part.

Lemmler's is the place to buy trunks, traveling bags and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

Everything in haying tools, best and cheapest at J. C. Hamlin's.

Lemon squeezers that will squeeze at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

Cross-examined.

I noticed this peculiarity of writing some three, four or five years ago; the peculiarity of eating I did not notice so long ago; this habit of leaving the table was unavoidable; about a week before this occurred he came into the store and stood facing me, looking at me for five minutes and when I caught his eye I thought he was insane; he wore a vacant expression look; I was frightened he looked like a maniac; I knew there was something on his mind; I don't think he had any mind; he looked like an insane person; I spoke to the family about his condition; his office was over my store room; he had an office there since a year ago last May.

Father Thomas Tracy sworn: I am a brother to the defendant and reside at St. Mary's; when I lived in Greenville Andrew made his home with me during some six or seven years until after he had finished his legal studies; I wanted him to attend court but he seemed not to wish to go; I got an office in Sharon for him and secured him books and paid for his board; he disposed of his best books for a trifling price; I then got him an office in Jamestown but with the same result as before; from these facts I learned to have no hope for him; I regarded him as mentally sick, weak imbecile; he never thought for himself; he paid no attention to his clothes; he seemed fond of solitude and shunned society; this was up to the midsummer of 1876; I thought to incite him to energy; I offered to bear his expenses for a course in Columbia Law College; also offered to pay the expense of a course of study at St. Vincent's to secure a musical education, and at another time I offered him money to go west to some of the new States and give him a chance to grow up with it; I noticed the peculiarities mentioned by other witnesses but thought nothing of them; he did not seem to sleep well; he was insane.

Cross-examined.

I did not assist him to start in the practice here; I think if a man was a little weak in the mind he would be in a fit condition to practice law; I judge the Columbia Law School a suitable place for an insane man; I offered him money to go west and thought it was the correct course to take with an insane brother; I had hopes that a change of scenery and association and so on might make a change for the better; I never consulted a competent physician as to his physical or mental condition; I don't think I communicated his insanity to anybody.

Sylvester Loveny sworn: I am acquainted with defendant and have been for five or six years; his actions have attracted my attention on several occasions; if I met him to-day he would be all right perhaps and then again to-morrow he would not speak to me, and would be snappish and short; I noticed him at a picnic; he stood most of the time leaning against a tree; toward evening his taciturnity had left him and he was very agreeable; once at the table he rose and threw out his soup which was good and filled his plate with cold I have seen other odd acts; I concluded that his brain had lost its balance in some way.

Cross-examined.

I have a farm in Erie county on which I reside; I was subpoenaed last fall some time by the friends of the parties; I was subpoenaed last Monday; I came here at Father Tracy's request.

Mrs. James McKean sworn: I am acquainted with the prisoner, Andrew Tracy; saw him sitting in the window of the store of Miss Tracy; he did not look up; after awhile he spoke and passed the time of day; this is all I ever saw wrong with him; there was nothing unusual in his looks or acts at the time.

Michael Donn sworn: I reside in Ceres township, this county, am acquainted with Andy Tracy and have been for many years; think I have seen things that indicated insanity; the first thing was four or five years ago; he was at a wedding party at our house; he sat alone and did not enjoy himself; seemed sullen and morose; he went out on the stoop and walked alone several times, looking up at the stars; in the last two or three years I have noticed when I met him in Smethport that sometimes he would not speak to me and other times he was very friendly—would come clear across the street to speak to me; have thought within the past two or three years that there was a wild, vacant stare about him; about last March I came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with him; I expressed my opinion in regard to him.

Cross-examined.

I think he did not drink but little; I gave him one drink of liquor; he might have got other drinks from other persons.

(To be continued.)

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Lemmler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

How They Stand.

MCKEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Derrick City	7	1	.875
Smethport	5	3	.625
Eldred	3	4	.429
Mt. Jewett	1	8	.111

Below will be found the fielding and batting averages of the men who have played on the Smethport team this season up to July 6.

FIELDING.

Player	G.	P.O.	A.	E.	Ave.
Brown, f	2	2	0	0	1.000
Young, f	3	1	0	0	1.000
Keefer, 1b	5	65	1	1	.985
Croissant, c	11	80	12	3	.968
Tull, ss	6	15	11	2	.927
Denning, p-1b	9	18	24	4	.913
Daniels 2b-c	8	28	13	4	.911
Kopp, 1b-2b	7	33	9	4	.910
King, ss	8	4	8	2	.857
McCabe, 3b	11	15	21	7	.837
Bell, f-2b	7	5	8	3	.812
Estry, f	10	10	2	3	.800
McClure, f	9	8	4	4	.750
Knapp, f-ss	4	6	6	4	.733
Andrews, f	2	1	0	1	.500

BATTING.

Player	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	Ave.
Fuller	3	13	5	9	.692
Croissant	11	44	11	18	.409
King	8	18	2	6	.335
Tull	9	39	11	17	.348
Keefer	7	25	6	8	.320
McCabe	11	47	15	15	.319
McClure	8	35	6	10	.286
Denning	9	36	12	9	.250
Estry	10	13	10	10	.238
Kopp	7	27	6	6	.222
Knapp	4	15	5	3	.200
Daniels	8	31	10	6	.194
Young	3	12	2	2	.167
Andrews	2	7	1	1	.143
Brown	2	8	4	1	.125
Bell	7	20	7	1	.050

Big Fire at Roulette.

A Roulette special in the Bradford Era, dated July 3, says:

At 2 o'clock this morning flames were discovered issuing from the rear of Ford's grocery store in the Bailey block on Main street and within an hour the fire had spread to several adjoining buildings. Roulette's water supply is limited and the pressure in the mains very weak in consequence of which the volunteer fire brigade was practically helpless. Assistance was asked of Coudersport, and a special train was immediately sent here bearing the W. J. Lewis Hose company. The firemen worked like beavers all day, but it was not until nightfall that the flames were finally placed under control. The destroyed structures were of wood and they burned like tinder. Ten business places and a dwelling were completely destroyed, as follows: Bailey building, Kavanaugh hotel, Burt's livery, Adams' bakery, S. W. Barr's clothing establishment, Adams' clothing store, Knowlton's bakery and restaurant, Gray's shoe and general merchandise establishment, Drehman building, in course of construction and the residence of B. E. Baker. Ten families were rendered homeless by the fire. The loss, at 10 o'clock to night, is estimated at over $50,000, with insurance of scarcely a quarter of this sum. Fortunately no person was injured in the fire, although several narrow escapes were reported. The burned buildings will be rebuilt at once.

Killed at Rock City.

Peter Hatter, a young man who for the past few months has been employed as a porter at the Option House, was fatally injured at Rock City Sunday evening. He fell off one of the large rocks to the ground below, and received injuries which resulted in his death at 4 a. m. Monday.

He was viewing the scenery from the top of a rock when he lost his balance and plunged over the edge. He was injured about the back and head and was unconscious from the time of the fall until his death.

Although a resident of Bradford for several months little was known concerning Hatter, who was about 35 years of age. The remains were buried by the authorities of Cattaraugus county.

Death of John Stoddard.

John Stoddard, aged about 88 years, died at the home of his son in Elizabeth, N. J., on Friday last, and his remains were brought to Smethport where his funeral was held from the M. E. church at 2 p. m. Sunday, Rev. A. C. Willey officiating.

The deceased was a former resident of this county, having lived on Cole creek for many years previous to his moving to Elizabeth a few years ago. He is survived by several children, among whom are Mrs. Samuel Barnes and Samuel Stoddard of Hazelhurst.

Notice to Taxpayers.

During my absence the tax duplicate for Smethport borough will be in the hands of Charles Lemmler who is authorized to receive taxes.

R. C. GLEASON,
Tax Collector.

Get the handy ice cream dipper of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Borgia Bronze

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

Copyright, 1904, by Robert C. V. Meyers

THE week before starting for his usual Mediterranean sail Hartley took from the little gold inlaid desk in his wife's boudoir the letter of instructions. There had been a look of haunting sorrow in Elise's face the day she gave him the letter, and, as though reproaching herself for something, she urged his head down to her pillow and let his cheek rest close to hers for a moment before dismissing him.

When he left the room, her mother followed him.

"Elise has such strong individuality," said Mrs. Dale. "Her wishing to return to the original donors the pretty things she has had given her from time to time is just like her; it is the same as telling her friends that their gifts were precious to her and that it would seem almost sacrilegious for any one else to enjoy them after she is gone."

Hartley knew that the lady desired him to think that his wife put no intentional slight upon him in sending away from him her prized possessions.

But he had known the truth all along, ever since the day Elise accepted him, and he came upon her an hour after her word had been given him with an old bronze jar and Caldwell's letter in her lap. She was very white as she handed him the sheet, whereon he read the aspiring words of his rival. He gave her back the letter, looking into her eyes, and she threw it away from her, laughing lightly. Then he held out to her the case of shining adornments which he had been collecting for the day when she should have promised to be his wife, for he had never doubted that she would be his. A month later she married him.

He looked down at the letter of instructions spread out upon her dainty desk.

"The jewels my husband gave me," he read, "are to revert to him."

He smiled. Yesterday he had handed the baubles to her sister and been effusively thanked.

"So like you," Mrs. Dale said, "to wish Marguerite to have them. You know how dearly Elise appreciated them and how sweet it was of her to wish you to have them again. They were too valuable for her to dispose of otherwise. Besides, she loved you so."

The letter of instructions went on mentioning article after article, each to go back to the presenter of it, her wedding gifts and all, nothing to come to him but the jewels he gave her the day she consented to marry him.

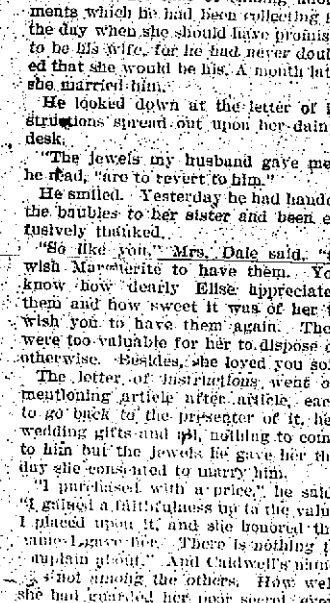
"I purchased with a price," he said, "a gilded faithfulness up to the value I placed upon it, and she honored the auriferous lies. There is nothing to explain about." And Caldwell's name was not among the others. How well she had watched her poor secret, even speaking of the man as he forfeited the respect of his friends with a sort of pitying contempt which she must have tried to make believe was genuine.

No, Caldwell's name was not mentioned in the letter of instructions, and yet Caldwell had once given her a present.

He left the desk and, going to a cabinet in a corner, brought forth a low, squat vase of bronze.

Elise had told him the history of the bronze. It was called a poison jar. Caldwell had given it to her in Rome. It was said to have come from a Borgia collection, probably had been known to Lucrezia of that remarkable house.

Hartley fingered the dull, sinister looking thing, whose green and black



SHE TURNED HIS HEAD DOWN.

blotches, etched by time, had engaged the encomiums of artists whom Elise had to the house. He turned it upside down and manipulated the base, lightly running his finger nail round it a score of times till it slowly revolved and disclosed a little compartment, the existence of which few would suspect.

Out of this compartment Elise had abstracted Caldwell's letter of love that time he came upon her with the casket of jewels in his hand, an hour after she had said she would be his wife.

The place was vacant now—nothing there but a continuation of the canker that seared the outside.

What a romantic fellow Caldwell must have been! Quite an old time Elizabethan lover who feared his fate too much.

Why had Elise kept the bronze all this time? She had an artistic eye and admired its coloring.

Besides, had she not been wise in having no desire to revive old memories in Caldwell by sending the thing back to him?

There was one other thing she could have given back to Caldwell.

Hartley felt in his pocket and took out a paper folded and refolded till it was but an inch square. He fitted it in the compartment in the base of the bronze. It wedged in like a part of the metal. He had found it in a locket they took from his wife's neck when she was dead, a simple piece of jewelry her father had given her as a child and which she always wore in remembrance of him, for she had loved him. He had opened it and found the paper pressed over the portrait of her father.

He took the paper from the bronze jar. Ought it to have been buried with her, as was done with the locket? No; she had been his wife, and this was a love letter from another man.

Rather had she been cruel or kind to Caldwell or himself in showing the letter that time to her accepted husband, though could she have done otherwise when that accepted husband chanced upon her with the letter not yet hidden from him? And was he doing a loyal or kind thing to her in reading it a second time? There were hard lines about his mouth as his eyes scanned the hastily scrawled words: "I am poor, but you, too, are poor. Why must wealth be such a power and love be so defenseless? I love you as no man ever loved before. I will work for you, slave for you"—

He folded it again. Why had Elise kept it? And what a crazy idiot Caldwell must be to take a jilting as he had done, and scarcely a jilting either, for Elise had answered him not a word, he would swear to that, for he knew Elise's honor, only accepting another man who spoke first. And Caldwell had gone down. What a wreck the man was, avoided by one time intimates, debasing his talents, welcoming the maddest excitement at no matter what cost to fame and conscience! And yet one friend remained to him, old Senator Nicholson, the friend of the president, the early chum of his father. Old Nicholson held out, offering his hand when others stood aloof. Only two days ago the papers announced the gaining of a consulship by Nicholson for Caldwell, which might yet save him and re-establish him in the good opinion of the world. And Caldwell had boasted at the club that he ignored the appointment. Could love do so much to debase a man?

Caldwell had been loved by Elise. The man had been weak enough to let himself sink because he thought his feeling had not been reciprocated by her.

"But am I strong enough to let another man know how little I was picked? And yet"—

If Caldwell were set on his feet again and accepted the consulship!

"But Elise does not mention his name in the letter of instructions. Did not her feeling for him weep away when she discovered how weak he was? Still she kept his jetsam, and it is the province of a woman to elevate what she loves. What she loves!"

Suddenly he wheeled toward the gold inlaid desk and let down the lid. He could not write the letter at Elise's desk.

He took the bronze jar and left the rosy room, locking the door behind him, and passed on to the library. There he threw the curtains wide, letting in the smashing, cold, southern sunlight, seated himself in his accustomed chair, wrote and addressed a few lines to Caldwell.

Caldwell was at the club when the note was handed to him. He was at his worst.

He opened Hartley's note. He burst into a strident laugh. Mrs. Hartley wished to return to the original donors all the gifts with which they had honored her, and, among others, his old time remembrance had been noticed. That jar! He recollected the day in Rome, the lying old descendant of the Caesars who sold the thing to him. Elise had admired it in the little black shop window, its shape and its color. They had passed on to the great cathedral, where Mrs. Dale awaited them and dismissed him. He had hurried back to the little shop to buy the bronze, which the old fellow lovingly displayed to him, vouching for its antiquity and showing him the hollow in its base. It seemed that a great chance opened to him. Mrs. Dale's treatment of him in the cathedral told him that her daughter would see him no more alone. Elise had besought him to send her no more letters, which her mother insisted upon opening. Hartley had arrived and been welcomed by Mrs. Dale. He bought the jar and in the hollow wedged his letter of adoration, fearful, yet hopeful. He sent the bronze to Elise, was assured that it was placed in her hand and never heard a word from her. The next month she was married to Hartley.

So Elise would have him receive his gift back? That told him even at this late day how little she had ever cared for him, how false she had been from the first. She had kept the jar, undesirous of holding any communication with him by sending it back to him, and Hartley knew of the thing and would return it now. Curse the man! He should have nothing that had once been his. He would go for the bronze. He would go at once.

In half an hour he was on the way to Elise's former home. Hartley received him in the library.

Caldwell's head was high, his bloodshot eyes like those of an animal at bay. He noted Hartley's lack of funereal garb and thought how little the man had cared for his wife, for he looked well, positively calm and easy, and she had not been dead a month.

There were few words between them.

"I owed it to the nature of your note," Caldwell said, "to answer it at once and in this way."

He knew his speech was weak and that it so impressed the other.

Hartley nodded and pointed to the little jar on the table. At that moment he could have struck the man down; the marks of dissipation on him were such a blur on Elise's memory. Call that love? Love should ennoble, not debase.

Yet Elise might save this man. He owed it to the love he bore the memory of his wife that Caldwell should not blame her further.

"That is yours, I believe," he said, again indicating the bronze. Caldwell was searching in his mind for words for the widower.

"You have," he said stiffedly, "sustained a great loss."

Hartley's face reddened, but, "Loss is common," he said quietly enough.

"Yes," quickly followed up Caldwell, "never mourning wore to evening, but some heart did break,' the poet says."

It pleased him to be vulgarly flippant, to make the cold man in front of him wince.

"It takes a good deal to break a heart," returned Hartley, and Caldwell smiled at the stab as he thought it.

"Your wife," he said, "suffered little, I hope."

"Her physicians so assured me," answered Hartley.

A little silence ensued, which neither seemed willing to break. At length Caldwell spoke.

"Shall you take your yacht across this summer?" he asked.

"I do so every year," was the response.

"I fancied," Caldwell said, "that the one you have had"—

"I'll change my plans," interrupted Hartley. "I sail next week. And now I

HARTLEY'S HAND CLOSED.

shall thank you for coming in person in response to my note concerning Mrs. Hartley's letter of instructions. Shall I send the bronze to you?"

"On second thought," said Caldwell, "I believe I will not take it. I care very little for it, and—that is, you may make whatever disposition of it you please."

The wretchedness of the speech struck Hartley. Had the man cared anything for Elise, after all? If he had not, then not for the world should he have the bronze.

But Caldwell's eyes were on the little jar. His mind swung back to the old days in Rome, Elise by his side. Again he was bartering with the shopkeeper for the jar, saw the little aperture where poison was said to have been once concealed, and in that aperture he had crushed his wild declaration of love.

"No," he said; "I will take it," and placed his hand on it.

But Hartley's hand closed over his hotly. For a moment the men looked fiercely into each other's eyes.

"Elise!" Hartley's lips murmured mutely. "Elise!" And his fingers relaxed. Caldwell caught up the bronze.

"I hope," he said, "your usual trip abroad will hold its usual distractions." And he was gone, leaving Hartley in his chair, his gaze fastened on the spot where the bronze had rested.

His face was white and drawn. His fingers tightly clutched the arms of the chair.

"Elise!" he murmured. "Elise!"

Caldwell went along the streets in wilder abandon. He had flown to the lamb Elise [illegible] He had [illegible] for her, and she had been a woman who craved love.

[illegible] from head to hand. He would [illegible] her memory. [illegible] jar to some [illegible] humble, poverty stricken [illegible] at once confess [illegible] a few words with which [illegible] wealth and station. [illegible] I'll be back before dining-time. He [illegible] mentioned above in the [illegible] heard [illegible] the jar before [illegible] the [illegible] a little while ago. And [illegible] rooms. Oh, those days in [illegible] Rome!

"What a fool I was!" He took up the jar.

"How old old Amanlas says was the way to seal it?"

He fingered the base of the jar.

"Loss is common," he laughed. "Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break."

And old Nicholson! He would write at once, declining the consular appointment.

See, here was the almost imperceptible shoulder like groove in the bottom of the jar! You ran your finger nail lightly round it, did you hear a faint click.

Could it be possible the old dago had told the truth and that this thing had been a poison jar?

Poison! Love was a poison, insidious, deadly.

He heard a faint click. The base of the bronze in his hand slowly revolved till it hinged round and showed the interior of the false bottom.

He gasped. A paper folded and folded till it was an inch square lay there. He dared not touch it.

He trembled from head to foot. Elise's voice was in his ears. He saw her face. Suddenly he reached and drew out the paper. He cried out and tore at it and spread it open.

It was his old declaration of love.

He gazed at it for a moment, then crushed it to his heart.

Had she never found it—never guessed at it?

No, she had never discovered the secret of the jar. Hartley had come with his specious wealth, her mother was anxious for the match. Elise had thought she was the sport of the poorer man—she had treasured this little bronze, the one gift he had ever offered her. She never knew; she had loved him, she had loved him. And, oh, to reclaim himself for sake of her love and his! For she loved him, she loved him, she loved him!

And he, too, murmured her name: "Elise!"

Lovers of Coffee.

The London Globe doubts whether there is anywhere in the world a place more addicted to coffee than the little island of Groix, about nine miles distant from Lorient. The customs' records show that the annual consumption of coffee in the island is about 90,000 pounds. Now, the population is 5,300, and, as the men pass practically their whole lives afloat as seamen, this large quantity must be consumed by about 3,000 women, children and old men. It works out at thirty pounds a head per annum.

A Healthy Puppy.

"There's only one good thing about that young puppy that came to see you last night," said the irascible father, "and that is he's healthy."

"I'm surprised to hear you admit that much," replied the dutiful daughter.

"I wouldn't except for the fact that when you met him in the hall last night I heard you say, 'Oh, George, how cold your nose is!'"

SOME VERY ODD FISH

CURIOUS FORMS OF LIFE THAT ARE FOUND IN THE SEA.

The Sea Fan and the Sea Pen and the Peculiar Tunicate Family—The Barnacle at One Time Was Believed to Become a Bird—The Cuttlefish.

The commonest inhabitant of sea or shore in olden times was invested with fabulous qualities. The homely barnacle, for instance, because of its feathery breathing apparatus, was said to be the parent of a future bird, as a proof of which ancient wiseacres pointed to the rudimentary feathers. Gerard, a naturalist who flourished at the close of the sixteenth century, actually gives credence to the ridiculous legend in his "Herbal," and furnishes a detailed account of the alleged metamorphosis.

Even today, notwithstanding the elaborate and intricate systems of scientific classification, there are still many of the marine fauna with little more individuality than can be expressed in a Latin label. It is with a few of these odd denizens of the deep that we are immediately concerned.

But few will have happened across the sea fan, one of the zoophytes or animal plants. It is found on the Devon coast occasionally. It consists of a calcareous framework or skeleton from six to twelve inches in height, with many branches, which are covered with a flesh colored membrane. The latter is really composed of innumerable polyps which, anxious to relate, segregate from the salt water the lime necessary for the building up of their coralline support.

The sea pen is not dissimilar. It is only three or four inches long and, like a quill, is naked at one end and "feathered" at the other, the polyps being on the edge of the feathers. The sea pen is phosphorescent and when irritated, either by being injured or thrown into fresh water, glows brightly.

A slightly higher but still lowly form of oceanic life is the tunicata. The species is so called because the body is incased in a stout coating or tunic, consisting of partly cellulose, which, as we know, is also largely present in the vegetable world.

One variety of the tunicate or ascidian is shaped like a double necked bottle. All have two openings, one for the influx and one for the outflow of water.

The salpa is a transparent, tubular genus of the tunicate family found in tropical and subtropical seas. It exists in two separate forms, one of which lives alone and produces a number of the others by a sort of budding process.

A number of these latter unite side by side so as to make up a series or cluster. Each of the numerous salpa in the group lays a single egg, which in its turn evolves into one of the solitary individuals.

Sea grapes, might with greater reason be classed as belonging to the vegetable world beneath the waves, and yet these sea fruit are not so innocuous as they would appear. They are the eggs of the embryo cuttlefish, one of the most repulsive and sinister of submarine monstrosities.

The cuttlefish swims by ejecting a jet of water from a tubular opening near the head. Having an internal skeleton, it is closely allied to the vertebrates. With its eight arms provided with suckers, its parrotlike beak, its prominent eyes and its playful habit of throwing mud in the eyes of its enemies by secreting an inky fluid, it is a queer creature.

Its relative, the octopus, is very similar, but is minus the two tentacles, or feelers, possessed by the cuttlefish. They are widely distributed in tropical and subtropical seas and often grow to a large size.

Encounters with them form a fruitful theme for travelers' tales. Perhaps the most imaginative is that fine piece of writing descriptive of a fight with one of these devilfish (as they are sometimes called) in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

There are some very peculiar denizens of the seas which wash the Scotch coasts. One of these enjoys the euphonious title of the lumpsucker. Thick and clumsy in shape, with a rough and warty skin, its name is a congruous one. Nor is it made more acceptable by its blue, purple and orange tints and its oily flesh, albeit the latter appears to be keenly relished by seals.

The particular apparatus which gives this ungainly fish its name is a powerful sucker or disk on the lower part of its body. The object of this attachment is not very clear, but by means of the sucker it can in stormy weather or turbulent waters anchor its clumsy hulk safely to the bottom. When its young fry are hatched in shallow water they immediately attach themselves by means of their suckers to the male fish, which is said to watch over them.

The fifteen pound stickleback, sometimes called the sea adder, is a salt water variety often found on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. It frequents rocky and stony bottoms covered with seaweed and is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it is unique among the finny tribe as a nest builder.

These structures may be found in spring or summer in the rock pools between tides. The structure is about eight inches long, pear shaped and formed of seaweed and corallines.

To bind the whole thing together the stickleback is furnished with a secretion capable, when drawn into a thread, of resisting the water. With this thread, fine as silk and still strong and elastic, it wraps the different portions of the nest round and round. The spawn is deposited in the nest from time to time in irregular masses, and during the period of incubation the anxious little parent hovers about.

Perhaps better known is the angler or fishing frog. It often grows to a length of three or four feet, has an enormous flat head and a mouth and teeth to match.

It is furnished with three tentacles—two from above the mouth and the third from the back of the head. One of them (the longest) is movable in any direction and has a small, highly colored membrane at the end by way of bait.

When another fish approaches to nibble at this lure, the cunning angler, which has previously partly buried itself in sand, opens its gaping jaws and the other fish disappears.

Fishermen relate many anecdotes of the voracity of the angler. On one occasion one of these fish seized a large conger eel which had been hooked, and was in the act of swallowing the huge morsel when the prey escaped from the angler's jaws by forcing its way out by the gill covers behind the mouth. Thus both were drawn together, and the fisherman was enabled to narrate a novel variation of the old theme, "The biter bit."

Flaky creatures are to be found in whose internal economy electricity plays an important part. The torpedo, or electric ray, is a case in point. By means of an electric discharge, the transmission of which is due to the conductivity of salt water, it can benumb fish in its immediate vicinity.

Most probably the chief use of this "shocking" faculty is as a means of defense from predatory enemies. The electric organ consists of many hundreds of polygonal columns of cartilage separated by membrane and extending from back to front round one side of the fish. As to how the electricity is collected, generated or discharged by these living accumulators marine zoologists and electricians are alike silent.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

BREAKING TRAIL.

In the Frozen Wilderness It Is the Meanest of All Tasks.

To break trail is to pack with your snowshoes the soft and incrusted snow into a more solid path, so that the dogs and toboggans may be brought forward to where you can make camp. Even the snowshoes, two feet in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches at every step. The snow crumbles and piles in on top of the web so that you have to tear each step with a wrench and a kick and a cloud of frozen white. You go forward, you rest, you go forward again, forcing your way laboriously through no one can say how many feet of snow. The weariness enters into the very marrow of your bones. The snowshoe strap moves back and forth just enough across the moose hide moccasins to gall the foot to the flesh of the toes; the muscles across the instep ache with knifelike cuts with every step as you lift the heavy weight of snow that covers the shoe out of sight.

I remember the first day we stopped midway across the lake to rest. The guides dropped the tumpline from the forehead to their shoulders, cut some tobacco from a pig, rubbed it between their hands and filled short, black pipes. The dogs lay flat on the snow and bit and chewed at the solid lumps of ice that had gathered on the paws. With the handle of my ax I scraped from my snowshoe the frozen masses of ice that gathered under my moccasins and were wearing blisters on my feet. We rested here only a few minutes, and then the bitter cold drove us on again, for no man dares to stop long in such a temperature.

This breaking trail is very picturesque to an outside observer. Oftentimes afterward when, unbeknighted, I had gone on ahead I would stop and turn and watch the guides—black pygmies struggling through the boundless stretch of white with their heavily loaded toboggans in great clouds of snow. With their shoulders thrust forward and their heads bent to the trail they would swing along at an even stride across the level expanse of frozen snow, broken only by the thin line of trail stretching behind them off into the distance and by the many still narrower tracks of the fox, criss crossing here and there on the smooth surface.—Scribner's.

A Maid of Honor.

The late Lady Bloomfield was a maid of honor and published a book of reminiscences relating some very intimate incidents of her years at court. The result, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells, was that the queen forbade her ladies to keep diaries while they were in waiting, and from that rule grew one of the neatest repartees that the heart of the professional diarist could desire. A young lady who had just been appointed a maid of honor was receiving congratulations at a party, and her host said, "What an interesting journal you can keep!" The girl told him that journal keeping was forbidden, and the answer was, "But I think I should keep one all the same." "Then," said the girl, "whatever you were you would not be a maid of honor."

Equal to the Occasion.

Chauncey Depew once dined with three ladies in a New York restaurant. He was so entertaining that one of the ladies plucked up courage and during dessert leaned over and tapped the diplomat on the arm and with an affectation of shyness said: "Mr. Depew, let us pretend that you are the shepherd Paris, I am Minerva, Mrs. Blank is Venus and Miss Blank is Juno. Now, you must give this golden apple to the fairest." So saying, she handed him an orange. Depew did not wait an instant, but, turning in his chair, called the waiter. "Waiter," he said, "bring me two more oranges."

The Wall Street Way.

Jobson—You bought the stock on your broker's advice, didn't you? Dobson—Yes; he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up. Jobson—What has he to say now? Dobson—He has given me four equally good reasons why it went down.

Cultivate the Difficulty.

The way to get to the top is to cultivate the difficult. The way to stay at the bottom is to cultivate that which almost anybody else similarly circumstanced can do as well.—Troy Press.

Everything that is worth thinking has already been thought before. We must only try to think it again.—Goethe.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not hurt or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

The Song of the Cradle.

Bye, bye! Rock-a-by-baby! There's a sweet little cradle All ready to hang up in the sky; A dear little life that is coming to bless; Two soft, chubby hands that will pat and caress; A pure little soul winging down from above; A darling to care for, a baby to love.

One of the grandest agencies which enlightened Science has discovered to relieve motherhood from excessive suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality; gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood, and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain.

"I wish to state that I have used Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription with very good results," writes Miss Katie M. Ajuns, of Hudson, New Hampshire. "Had been in poor health for over four years and had been twice in the hospital. My husband brought some of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it has carried me easily through my last two confinements. We are now blessed with two healthy children, and I am sure your medicine has done me more good than all the other treatment I have ever received."

BAD HEADACHES generally arise from bad stomachs. Foul breath, bitter taste, coated tongue, sour eructations or belching of gas, are common symptoms though not all present in every case. To cure, take small doses, only one or two each day, of old Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the Original Little Liver Pills. Best put up by him over 40 years ago. One or two a laxative, three or four cathartic.

THE BIG STORE.

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Hot Plates and Ovens
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Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Euchre Club was entertained very pleasantly yesterday afternoon by Miss May Choate.

—Uncle Tom's Cabin will greet its many friends in the vacant lot, corner of Water and Pine streets, next Saturday, July 8.

—The Gold Eagle Hotel at Eldred has been sold to W. D. Googe of Pittsburg. Possession will be taken about July 17th, as soon as the license can be transferred.

—Four young ladies gave a dancing party Saturday evening in the dining room of the Cottage House. About 40 guests were present and an enjoyable evening passed.

—The Johnsonburg Breeze says: One of the bills passed by the last legislature will be of interest to volunteer firemen throughout the state, as it provides for the payment of $12 to each volunteer fireman annually.

—Clive Black of this boro and Miss Frances Wilcox of Smethport were united in marriage by Rev. H. E. Bayley at Portville recently. They are now housekeeping in a portion of W. B. Black's residence on Brooklyn Side.—Port Allegany Argus.

—It is becoming fashionable in Paris to leave cards at the cemetery. An oak box placed on a tombstone is intended for the cards of those who visit the resting place of a departed friend. In this way the near relatives find out the friends who still cherish the memory of the dead.

—No matter what anyone says Uncle Tom's Cabin will never die. For the past 48 years it has been played throughout the United States. The book has been translated into every known tongue. Nothing else has ever taken its place. Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. will exhibit under canvas in Smethport Saturday, July 8.

—The services at the Baptist church next Sabbath are: Morning worship at 10:45, subject, "Growing Towards God." Lord's supper follows morning service; bible school at 12:15; C. E. at 7 p. m. sharp, and evening service at 8 p. m., subject for evening, "Where is Man After Death?" Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8. All who do not attend elsewhere are invited to attend. Strangers very welcome. Rev. Wm. A. Ewing, Pastor.

—At a recent editorial convention a minister arose and offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly; to save him from bankruptcy advertise liberally in his paper; to save him from despair, send him every item of news you can get hold of; to save him profanity, write your correspondence plainly and send it in as early as possible; to save him from mistakes bury him, dead people are the only ones who never mistake."

—Perhaps there is nothing so useless and silly as a "post mortem" dispute over a ball game. But the attitude of Mt. Jewett fans over a game played here recently is especially ludicrous. With the present players on both teams it is highly improbable that Mt. Jewett could win from Smethport in a year—playing 365 games at that, but notwithstanding this fact the papers of that village lay their defeat to the umpire. Think of that, from a town where the visiting team ever gets the worst of it along umpiring lines.

Bluebeard.

"Who was the original Bluebeard?" asks a writer in the London Chronicle. He continues: "We owe the familiar Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Perrault, the Frenchman who published in 1696-97 his immortal stories of 'Bluebeard,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Cinderella.' But it is very uncertain who, if anybody, was Perrault's model for Bluebeard. Some have supposed that it was our Henry VIII., others that the tale is a lampoon upon the castle lords of knight errantry days in general. Perhaps the favorite candidate has been Gilles de Rais, marshal of France, who was hanged and burned in 1440 for an awful series of crimes. During fourteen years he was believed to have kidnaped about 150 children, tortured them, sacrificed them to the devil, burned their bodies and buried their bones in his castle grounds. But the resemblance between his tale and Bluebeard's is too slight to be convincing."

Speak Good of the Living.

Few will be found to dispute the spirit of the old Latin proverb "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Is it not a pity, however, that we are all so inclined to offer fulsome adulation of the dead, about whom, while living, nothing was too vile to say? This is not to be understood as criticising unfavorably the natural tendency to forget the faults and foibles and to remember only the virtues of the people who have "gone on before," but it does seem too bad that more even justice, greater toleration and charity cannot be shown to the living.—Success.

Whims of Statesmen.

Here are some bits from the diary of Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff: "A man who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him, 'What is that bird?' 'That,' said the other, 'is a magpie.' 'It's not my idea of a magpie,' was the rejoinder. 'Perhaps not,' replied his friend, 'but it's God's idea of a magpie.'"

"A man named Faber lay ill. 'You are very ill indeed,' said the doctor. 'Then you had better,' the sick man rejoined, 'order the prayers for the dying to be read.' 'No,' answered the person to whom he spoke, 'I think you will live four and twenty hours.' 'Oh, in that case,' rejoined Faber, 'read me Pickwick.'"

"Things one would rather have put differently," writes the diarist, "Mr. Cecil Rhodes to his neighbor at dinner, an extremely pretty woman: 'He—I hate Germans.' She—Well, I don't hate them, but I by no means like them.' He—Oh, I thought you were a German!'"

Menagerie Menus.

Catering to animals requires both a plentiful and varied supply of foods, as may be seen from this report of material fed at the London Zoological gardens last year. For the flesh eating mess there were supplied 341 tons of horseflesh, nearly 9 tons of gamefowl and 3,650 chicken heads. Fourteen and a half tons of fish, in addition to 1,260 pints of shrimps, furnished the water fowl with their daily fare, while 207 loads of hay and 5,630 bunches of greens satisfied the ruminants. Other items on the list were 872 pounds of grapes, 328 pounds of sugar, 6,202 loaves of bread, 5,086 quarts of milk, 303 pounds of crackers and more than 33,000 eggs. The chicken heads were for the various members of the rat family, the eggs were fed to the birds and the shrimps formed the easiest way to the affections of the flamingoes.

Where Silence Is Golden.

This story is illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp:

Two men were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word.

One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast, "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said:

"How d'you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp."—Kansas City Star.

Seventeenth Century Wagons.

The introduction of stage wagons in England about the middle of the seventeenth century led to many abuses. In London they were known as "hell carts" on account of the hot time they gave the unfortunates inside. Their drivers were said to be "seldom sober, never civil and always late," and their size—gained by other vehicles—was such that when they broke down all traffic behind was necessitated to stand stock still on most beastly deep wet ways till it pleased them to jog on. During the reign of Charles II. parliament passed an act concerning the size of carts and wagons, with extremely heavy penalties for infringements, but when the act came to be applied it was discovered that the model prescribed by it was impracticable to such an extent that the judges gave directions not to enforce the act.

A Browning Enigma.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has set quite a Homeric problem as to the place of her birth. The Encyclopaedia Britannica gives London, but the Dictionary of National Biography prefers Burn Hall, Durham, and there is an entry in the register of Kelloe church referring to "Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett of Coxhoe Hall." Browning himself, however, declared that his wife was born at Carlton Hall, Durham. Now, Carlton Hall is in Yorkshire. Finally the authorities are not agreed as to whether Mrs. Browning was born on March 4 or on March 6, but, of course, the outstanding fact is that she was born.—London Globe.

Not Perfect Without Mrs. Kingsley.

Even a brief holiday at the seaside was to Charles Kingsley too long an absence from his wife. "This place, as perfect," he wrote on one occasion, "that it seems a dream and imperfect [illegible] blessed be God for the [illegible] I never before felt the [illegible] being without the be[illegible] every look and [illegible] of love adding [illegible]

Their Credulity.

[illegible] cold—a tropical. An exchange asked: "What do you think of [illegible] who painted cobwebs on a ceiling, apparently that the hired girl [illegible] herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?" Most of the editors say that there may have been such an artist, but there was never such a hired girl.—Kansas City Journal.

A Timely Warning.

Jimmy—What's the matter with you? You don't never go in for any fun at all nowadays. Tommy—No, I'm doin' good because I'm goin' to have a birthday purty soon an' I want to git a present. Jimmy—Better be careful an' not be too good or mebbe they won't give you nothin' but a Bible.—Philadelphia Press.

Taking Him In Time.

Mr. Newlywed—By the way, dearest, did I ever tell you about that beautiful heiress who once wanted me for a husband? Mrs. Newlywed—No, dear. You have never told me a lie yet that I know of.

"Pa. of Mankind."

Titus, the [illegible] emperor, was entitled "the delight of mankind." Titus' beneficence was unbounded, and it so happened that during his brief reign there was the most urgent need of it exercise. In the first year occurred the great eruption of Vesuvius, overwhelming Herculaneum and Pompeii and ruining numerous other towns and villages. The next year a fire broke out in Rome, which raged three days, causing great destruction, and in the tracks of these calamities followed a dreadful pestilence. Titus dealt out gifts with lavish hand to the houseless and ruined sufferers. He even despoiled the palaces of their valuable ornaments to obtain money for distribution and schemed and planned to furnish occupation for them. He was now the idol of his subjects, the "love and delight of the human race," but, unfortunately for that part of the human race over which he ruled, in the commencement of the third year of his reign he became suddenly ill and died at his patrimonial villa in the Sabine country.

Noted Dead In Trinity Churchyard.

Alexander Hamilton is buried in Trinity churchyard, at the head of Wall street, New York, and the grave is marked by a conspicuous white marble monument near the Rector street station of the elevated road. His wife, who lived until 1854, fifty years after his death in the duel with Burr, is buried beside him. Albert Gallatin, who succeeded Hamilton as secretary of the treasury, lies only a few feet away, and near by is also the grave of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat. Another famous occupant of Trinity churchyard, whose monument is near the Broadway gate, is Captain James Lawrence of the United States navy, commander of the frigate Chesapeake, who fell in battle with the British ship Shannon June 1, 1813, in the thirty-second year of his age. As he fell upon the deck he cried to his subordinates: "Don't give up the ship!"

A Losing Dream.

"I made a nice idiot of myself the other morning," said the commuter, who is paying teller in a savings bank. "My wife was afraid I'd miss my train, and she got me by the shoulder and shook me, telling me that it was time to get up. I got about half awake, and, somehow, I thought I was at my window in the bank with a long line of women awaiting their turn. The one at the window was handing me a check, and, from force of habit, I said: 'How much money do you want?'

"You know, most women who present checks want to draw some and deposit the rest. Well, what do you think the wife did? Quick as a flash came her answer to my 'dopy' question:

"'Five dollars will do.'

"She got it, but I hope I won't dream any more."—New York Post.

An Eccentric Painter.

William Willard, well known as the painter of Massachusetts' governors, was very eccentric in his ways. His special aversion was the attempted purchase of his many old relics of furniture by people of wealth. A New York woman visiting in the vicinity of Shirleyridge, hearing that the old artist possessed a beautiful colonial mirror and a rare clock, tried to buy them. Mr. Willard seemed to readily agree to the sale, but when asked when it would be convenient to have them packed replied, "Not until after the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the visitor. "Mine," replied Mr. Willard, with a chuckle.

An Early Railroad.

An old inventory of the Mohawk and Hudson railroad, now a part of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, dated Jan. 1, 1833, gives the following as the total rolling stock of the road at that time: Three locomotives (the John Bull, the De Witt Clinton and the Experiment), three carriages, accommodating twelve passengers each; nine, accommodating nine each; two, accommodating six each, and three, accommodating eighteen each, a total capacity of 183.—Four Track News.

The Change of a Letter.

"Business men should be careful," writes a correspondent of a London newspaper, "to read their typewritten correspondence before committing it to the post. I have received a typewritten letter from a gentleman of German extraction who informs me that he is a 'wholesale tobacconist and cigar imposter.'"

Diplomacy.

"What did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."

London's Intensity.

London is the most intense of all cities. New York is noisier; there is more rattle in Paris; in London alone you have that subdued roar, that indescribable murmur which suggests an irresistible volume of life that is deep as well as strong.—Pristian.

Under the Chandelier.

Next time you go to a party watch some of the women as they stand under the chandeliers. Notice how a light shining from above brings out unsuspected lines and angles in all but the youngest and freshest faces. It is a severe test of beauty.

Down and Up.

"Wot did yer tell de judge?"

"Dat everybody wuz tryin' to keep me down."

"An' what did he do?"

"Sent me up."—Exchange.

Must Be In.

Would Be Musician—Do you think there is any music in me? Professor—There ought to be, sir. I have heard none come out.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Denis Diderot.

Tabooey Dickens.

Dickens had to confess, after a severe trial of married life, that the skeleton in his domestic closet was becoming "a pretty big one." Then, in 1857, came the crisis.

"Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other," he wrote in a letter to Forster, "and there is no help for it. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying, but we are strangely ill assorted for the bond that is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficulties of disposition, but only one thing will alter all that, and that is the end which alters everything."

A Bear and a Log Jam.

A big log jam that on one occasion blocked an Illinois river was broken in a peculiar manner. A brown bear was noticed by one of the rivermen prowling around the skids and later was observed crawling over the piled up timber. Gradually brutin worked his way down to the key log and attacked it frantically. Instantly the mass of logs broke. The bear was crushed to pieces. Later it was learned that the key log was filled with honey.

A FAMOUS REMEDY

"I cured MY cough with German Syrup!"
"Me, too, Mike, and I tell you, doctor dear,
"As fine as I can be,
"I'm feelin' finer than ever I've been!"

The poor consumptive should not be the victim of experiment, as he often is, but the moment the dread disease manifests its presence he should be given Boschee's German Syrup—a pure, non-alcoholic medicine that is made specially for the cure of consumption, and has a world-wide fame as a certain remedy for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, sore throat and all bronchial affections in old and young. It is sold in all civilized countries, and has been famous as a consumption cure for almost half a century.

Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At all druggists throughout the world.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. L.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

F. S. FLOUR now $1.70 in 1-4 bbl. paper sacks.

Quaker 2 pound Rolled Oats have the call, 10c package.

Warm Weather Eatables

Corn Beef, Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Dried Beef, Pitted Cherries, Salmon, Pickled Herring, Cove Oysters, Sardines, Olives, Sweet, Sour or Dill Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Beans.

Several other articles too numerous to mention which can be served cold, and not heat up the house. Prompt delivery and small orders will receive the same attention as larger ones. Your further favors requested.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

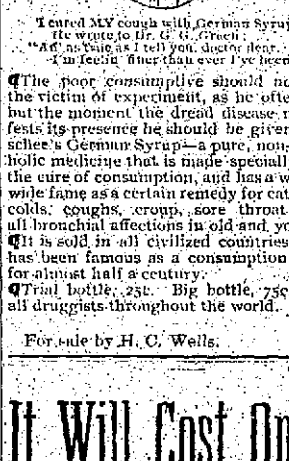
It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,



NEW LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS

just received direct from manufacturers.

This week I have on sale the largest assortment of shirt waist Suits and dressing sacks in town.

Many styles of white lawn, duck, also linen and colored suits for ladies.

Elegant wash suits of different styles and the suspender suits for misses which are so popular just now.

Do not fail to see these suits. Prices very low.

Don't forget that we are prepared with the latest in summer millinery.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and adminsfrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

The editor of the Port Allegany Reporter infers that the reason that town did not celebrate the Fourth was because Smethport advertised a celebration, which was afterward called off, and Port Allegany's people intended to come here to celebrate. This sounds rather funny. Port Allegany was never famous for sending large delegations to this town, while on the other hand Smethport always contributes the largest portion of out-of-town people when there is anything doing in Port Allegany. We are Missourians on this subject; Laymon, and "you will have to show us."

ALMOST on the eve of its natal day our country was inexpressibly shocked and grieved by the sudden death of Secretary of State John Hay, which occurred at Newbury, N. H., at 12:45 o'clock Saturday morning, July 1. The death of this statesman, whom future histories will doubtless describe as the greatest secretary of state this country has ever had, has caused the most profound grief throughout the nation. The suddenness with which the end came was an especial shock to his friends in official and private life who had been led to believe that he was on the rapid road to recovery. Aside from his many sterling personal qualities he was of that far-seeing, capable and executive manner of man that the country can ill afford to lose.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., July 1, 1905

It is probable that few people have followed the details leading up to the resignation of John F. Wallace, chief engineer of the Panama canal and a member of the canal commission, sufficiently closely to appreciate the full measure of his lack of loyalty in throwing up his office to accept a position which offered greater remuneration but no one can read the terrible arraignment of the former chief engineer which Secretary Taft delivered to him, in person, without gathering some idea of the size, mentally rather than physically, of the Secretary of War, of the high ideals which inspire his every action, of his high conception of loyalty to his government and the justness and manliness which pervades the man.

Briefly the circumstances were these: Wallace, at his own solicitation, was made a member of the commission. His every suggestion was received with respect and in practically every instance was carried into effect. As recently as May 26 Wallace wrote to the chairman of the commission that he was entirely satisfied, "delighted," in fact, with everything that had been done and would throw himself into the work with his whole heart and soul. The chairman had urged him to so organize his engineering force as to provide for such an emergency as his illness, his being suddenly called away from the isthmus, etc., and Wallace had promised to do this. Then, twelve days after his letter of May 26 he accepted a proposition from a New York concern and according to his own statement, his only stipulation, when asked if he would accept the new place, had been, "It is simply a matter of terms and conditions."

When Secretary Taft had heard what Mr. Wallace had done he proceeded to express his opinion of the chief engineer's conduct in unvarnished terms. He never lost his temper, as the conservative character of his remarks demonstrates, but he did not spare his auditor. There is nothing so repugnant to the Secretary of War as disloyalty and in his judgment Mr. Wallace had been guilty of the gravest sort of disloyalty and of a dishonorable selfishness which was contemptible, and the Secretary proceeded to tell him so.

The new engineer, John F. Stevens, appointed as successor of Wallace, is regarded as a man of exceptional ability. He constructed the Rocky Mountain division of the Great Northern railroad, which is regarded as one of the best roads in the country, perhaps in the world. Stevens spent between $60,000,000 and $70,000,000 for J. J. Hill and Mr. Hill was so well satisfied that he recommended Stevens to me in the highest terms," said Mr. Shontz, chairman of the commission, to your correspondent to-day, and he added, "Could anything be a better test of a man's ability?" Those who know "Jim" Hill will unanimously answer no.

"What we want on the isthmus is a great big, brainy man, capable of exerting great driving power," continued Mr. Shontz. "He must be a man capable of handling men, must know enough to know what to expect from subordinates and must possess the faculty of inspiring them with enthusiasm. He must be too big a man to lose the perspective of his work by confining his attention to minor details, or to the more abstruse engineering problems of the great enterprise. We have got a board of expert engineers right here in Washington for no other purpose than to work out those intricate problems and the chief engineer should utilize that organization for all it is worth." Asked who would be the assistant chief engineer, Mr. Shontz said simply, "I don't know. You see when I ask a man to do work I expect him to do it. I don't care how he does it, what men or what tools he uses so long as he does the work and it is satisfactory when he gets through. Now I am going to tell Stevens to go ahead and organize his own force, perfect his machine and dig. Then I shall look to him for results and the personality of his assistants and similar details will rest entirely with him."

Secretary Taft left Washington last night for the Philippines, accompanied by seven Senators and twenty-three members of the House, many of them with their wives, by Alice Roosevelt, General Bliss and several other military men, and by a few newspaper men and other guests. The secretary and his party will spend about a month in the Philippines and it will be a busy month for the secretary, who will assist in solving a number of difficult problems. There are still some matters relating to the Catholic church to be settled, such as the amount to be paid for churches which were seized and used by troops during the insurrection. Then there is the great question of transportation. The secretary is extremely anxious to have a good system of railroads on the islands and will make inquiries regarding the best locations for the trunk lines. He hopes to acquire information in this regard, which with that he already possesses, will enable him to discuss the matter comprehensively with Americans who care to investigate the possible returns from investments of this description. There are still some lands belonging to the Dominican friars which require attention and then there are some political problems on which the secretary wishes to speak to the Filipinos. They idolize him and anything that he tells them will be accepted as correct. In conclusion, the secretary hopes to discover some solution of the vexatious internal revenues problems which are now occasioning considerable annoyance to all concerned. This trip of the secretary's, it should be understood, is not a junket. Members of Congress receive their transportation. Secretary Taft's expenses and those of his personal staff are paid by the government, but to all others, including wives of Senators and members, the cost of the trip will not be less than $500 each.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 1, 1905:

O. O. Baker, Elmer Bigelow 2, H. S. Cotton, Casper Earstley, Mrs. Mary Norbury, Willie Ohlson, A. Paterson, Peter Selino, John Tidd, Mrs. George Tomer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

Second hand farming utensils, including one plow, two mowing machines, reaper and binder and drop reapes, lumber wagon, light bob sleds, heavy bob sleds. Same will be sold cheap for cash or on approved paper. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Estray Notice.

Came to premises of A. J. Axburgh, Clermont, Pa., on the 18th day of May two spotted steers and one white heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charge; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

A. J. AXBURGH.

The studio of Ralph C. Gleason will be closed until August 1st.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

THE BEST

Is None Too Good for even the "worst" of Boys.

Mother's Friend

WASH SUITS, BLOUSES and SHIRT WAISTS are THE BEST. They're exactly suited for summer sports and they'll stand repeated washings. Why worry how to dress your boy when you can get a Suit for for $1.00 and a Blouse or Waist for 50c.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

Summer Stuff

I have a line of the very latest stuff for summer for men and boys.

Our white soft felt hats are just out and very popular in the large towns and college towns.

White shirts with the attached cuffs are always swell.

A new full line of small boys' wash suits.

Fine flannels in trousers or suits in ready or tailor made.

Pongee shirts with soft collar and cuffs attached.

Everything cool for the G. B. B. A. Clam Bake and July 4th.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Spring Offerings in Shoes

Our stock of Spring Footwear for ladies, men and children is complete and an inspection of our line will convince that we can satisfy. We keep on hand a large stock of the best makes to select from and we guarantee to please. Everything new and up-to-date in

OXFORDS.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
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C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

OILS FOR SALE

AT PALMER'S LIVERY.

I carry in stock the following oils and sell at bottom prices:

Harvester Oil.
Boston Coach Oil.
Cleveland Castor Coach Oil.
New York Carriage Grease.
Mica Axle Grease.
4 Brothers Axle Grease.
Extra Neatsfoot Harness Oil.
Diamond Black Harness Oil.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport May 25, 1905.

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opportunities seldom present themselves again. If you have any Plumbing to be done, better send for us right away.

Good Plumbers

like us are in demand. So if you put that job of yours off we may be too busy to give it the prompt attention we can now. Come to-day? Sure.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

AT

SMETHPORT

SATURDAY, JULY 8

LANGSTAFF'S

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

UNDER CANVAS.

25 PEOPLE 25

COMPETENT CAST

CLEVER SPECIALTIES

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

PRICES 15 and 25c

NIGHT PERFORMANCE ONLY AT 8 p. m.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLINN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

ANNUAL

JULY CLEARANCE SALE

NEXT WEEK.

Watch for Particulars in Next Issue.

The Lindholm Co.

HAYING TOOLS

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made	90c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for a little money	60c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better	70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at	5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all standard Mowing Machine, each	5c

We are agents for the Champion Hay Rakes. These we believe are the best horse rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00 and the iron for $22.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ives, on Friday, June 30, a daughter.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane Field next Wednesday afternoon.

—The Smethport baseball team will play a league game at Eldred to-morrow afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Andrews have moved to Roulette where Mr. Andrews will be employed.

—The Rollicking Rams celebrated the end of the fire with a picnic at White's grove Saturday last.

—Warley Gifford is having his dwelling house on King street repainted and a large porch constructed.

—Mrs. H. R. Henderson entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church last Thursday afternoon.

—Mr. George Griffin of Newerf and Miss Helen Huldu Berg of Buffalo were married Wednesday of last week.

—Herman Tull is playing second base for the Jamestown team of the Interstate league and is playing it well.

—The family of Mrs. Frank Shelander wish to tender their heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly assisted them during her illness.

—Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. will give a performance under canvas in Smethport Saturday, July 8. The company is a large and capable one and travels in their own private cars.

—Landlord C. S. King of the Sartwell House, Port Allegany, has erected a steel flagpole 85 feet in height. During the day an immense United States flag waves from the pole and at night a brilliant gas light shines from the top.

—Next Friday Smethport comes with both barrels loaded to the muzzle for the Angels. If we can only beat them once! Turn out.—Eldred Eagle.

—A number of exchanges take a "lay off" this week to celebrate the Fourth. It is somewhat surprising that the Prohibition Kane Leader is one of them.

—James Ackerman of Sidney and Miss Gerda Okerlund of East Smethport were married at Olean Wednesday afternoon, June 28, by Rev. Ethan Curtis.

—James, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpkins of Hazelhurst, was quite severely burned in the face as the result of an explosion of powder last Monday.

—There were six persons received into the membership of the Methodist Episcopal church at the last communion service. The church seems to be in a prosperous and hopeful condition.

—The work of dipping the molten glass from the big tank at the Camp factory was started about 11 o'clock Friday evening. This is an interesting operation and always attracts many spectators.

—The tank house and grinding and mixing building of the Coudersport glass factory, which were destroyed by fire June 25, will be rebuilt, and the Enterprise says the factory will be enlarged.

—Attend the baseball game at Kane Field next Wednesday afternoon between Mt. Jewett and the home team. The Mountaineers have been strengthened and an interesting contest may be looked for.

—The ball game at Port Allegany last Thursday between the picked team from this place and the Ports resulted in a victory for the latter term by a score of 16 to 6. Fuller pitched for Smethport and issued so many free passes that the transportation facilities of the diamond were overworked. Kirwan, the star twirler of the Coudersport team, was on the rubber for Port Allegany.

—Albert Servatius of the Kane baseball team was a visitor in town over Sunday. "Bake" is playing great ball this year and started the week as batting leader of the Interstate league with an average of .418.

—Jesse Colwell, a 14-year-old boy of Kane, fell underneath a freight train near that town Thursday last. Both legs were crushed so badly that amputation was necessary and the members were taken off above the ankle.

—Among those who graduated from Yale University at New Haven on Thursday was Nelson Hastings, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hastings of Bradford. The young man received the degree of bachelor of arts.—Record.

—Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman, had his face quite severely burned by an explosion of fireworks Tuesday evening. But for the fact that the boy was wearing glasses it is said his eyesight would have been destroyed.

—On account of the Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Buffalo, N. Y., July 11 to 15, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Buffalo from all stations on its lines at greatly reduced rates.

—The choir of little girls, organized by the pastor, sang at the Methodist church last Sunday morning and won high praise from the congregation. They will sing at the preaching service next Sunday night. Miss. Orra Gleason is the efficient pianist.

—The Union House has been sold by Fred Heckel to Patrick Lavelle of Corry. Application for a transfer of license has been made to the court and when his successor takes charge of the establishment Mr. Heckel will retire from business.—Bradford Era.

—A dynamite bomb was thrown through the front window of Andy Anderson's dwelling house in Johnsonburg one day last week, but fortunately failed to explode. The authorities are hard at work trying to discover the perpetrator of the outrage.

—Mrs. Frances Abbey, a well known lady, formerly of Smethport, was married May 27, 1905, to Mr. C. W. Earl, at the Parsonage of the White Temple, Portland, Oregon. The MINER extends belated, but nevertheless sincere, best wishes and congratulations.

—Wilton Lackaye, the well-known star who has made a big hit in "Pit," says in a recent interview: "Uncle Tom's Cabin will never die for it has got in it the germ of immortality, the great human thrill." Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. under canvas in Smethport Saturday, July 8.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Seymour of Chestnut street departed on Friday for Gulfport, Miss., where the former has accepted a position with the Gulfport & Ship Island railway company. For a number of years Mr. Seymour was identified with the B., B. & K. at Ormsby and Bradford, latterly holding the position of chief dispatcher.—Bradford Era.

—Methodist church, Dr. A. C. Willey, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. General subject for the day, "The Alternatives of Revival or Ruin"—in the morning, "The Test of Faith and Courage"; in the evening, "The Test of Application." The newly organized choir of little girls will sing special pieces at the evening services. Class meeting at 10 a. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League at 7 p. m. Midweek prayer service on Wednesday at 8 p. m.

—Manager T. H. Pancoast of the Haines bottle factory gave a banquet to the blowers of that plant at his home on West Main street Friday evening. The occasion was a most enjoyable one and during the evening Mr. Pancoast was presented with a valuable and beautiful Shriners' emblem fob, inscribed on the back with the name of the donor—Branch 72, G. B. B. A., and also the name of the recipient. Mr. Pancoast has an enviable reputation as a skillful and careful man for the responsible position which he holds. He is held in high esteem by the workmen and is an all around good citizen.

—The Free Methodists are holding a meeting at Island Park, Smethport. The meeting opened last Sunday evening with a crowd of several hundred people in attendance. They have a large tabernacle pitched and well seated and will continue the meeting every night this week and over next Sunday. Several ministers and evangelists are expected to be present to assist in the meeting, among whom will be the Rev. D. B. Tobey, presiding elder of the district. Good crowds have been in attendance, giving good attention and preserving excellent order. All are invited to attend this meeting.

—Arthur L. Youmans, formerly clerk in The Lindholm Company store in Smethport, leaving here last February for Lafayette, Colorado, where he took charge of the dry goods department in the large department store belonging to the State Mercantile Company of that place, has recently been promoted to manager of the same. This promotion to one so young is but a fit recognition of the sterling qualities and business qualifications of Arthur. M. L. Youmans, his brother, formerly of Ormsby, is also manager of another one of the company's stores at Aguilar, Colorado. Their many friends wish them the best of success.

—The entertainment given by the Elite Vaudeville company of Bradford at the Lyceum Friday night was witnessed by a fair-sized audience. Miss Edith Devine sang several songs which were well received. John Nelson, the baseball player-magician, gave a mysterious exhibition that was heartily applauded. He is a neat and clever performer. Lewis [illegible]ry, III. and Miss [illegible] a tuneful pair and pleasing feature of the ev[illegible]rigan gave a Jewish monologue, [illegible]ommy Everhan danced. The performance concluded with illustrated songs by Will O'Day. The performance was given under the auspices of the Smethport Hose Company and at the conclusion of the entertainment an enjoyable dance was given at the hose house.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Allen Park was a Mt. Jewett visitor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Todd are visiting in Bradford.

Harold Backus passed the Fourth at Chautauqua Lake.

Miss Amanda Anderson was a Mt. Jewett visitor Tuesday.

Dr. G. A. Wilson passed the Fourth with relatives in Angelica.

A. W. Colegrove was a spectator at the Olean races this week.

Miss Velma Allen of Canisteo, N. Y. is a guest of Miss Eva Hopper.

Miss Estie Erhart of Crosby passed Tuesday with friends in town.

Jonathan Dowling of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus visited in Eldred from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and children returned Saturday from a visit in York, N. Y.

Wellington Stark visited his brother, Roy Stark, at Jamestown, N. Y., Tuesday.

Miss Susan Renwick of Geneva, N. Y., visited Mrs. Sheridan Gorton this week.

Mrs. F. G. Sartwell visited Miss Anna Berg at Mt. Jewett the latter part of last week.

F. W. Hinman returned from a few days visit in Jamestown, N. Y., last night.

Miss Flora White and Margaret and Lucile Todd passed the Fourth at Crosby.

Webb Hopper came home from Belmont, N. Y., to-day and is visiting his parents.

Rex Stark departed for Rochester, N. Y., Monday, where he will spend the summer.

Frank Partle played cornet with the Austin band at the Cross Fork celebration Tuesday.

Mrs. W. C. Parker and children of Warren are guests of Mr. Parker at the Wright House.

Kenneth Mayo has accepted a position with the Buffalo Yacht Club and commenced his duties this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, visited Bolivar relatives this week.

Charles E. McCoy, who has been visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, returned to Cornell college Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Clothier, Jr., of Buffalo spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Clothier's mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Misses Lucile Hinman and Nellie Masser left Saturday for Ithaca, N. Y., where they will attend the Conservatory of Music.

Miss Roxie King of East Smethport departed Saturday for Ithaca, N. Y., and will become a pupil at the Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. M. Goldring and daughter, Misses Eva and Sevra, of Rochester, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Goldring's daughter, Mrs. A. J. Warshofsky.

Mrs. E. R. Mayo and Miss Mary Simpson attended the 60th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dodd at Sweden Valley on July 4th.

S. W. Hubbard and children of Newton were in town Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Alice Hurley of Mt. Alton, who was a guest of Miss Catherine Hubbard.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cleveland visited Kane Tuesday. Mr. Cleveland reports a rather damp celebration of the Fourth in that town, although the hose races were interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Holmes, Misses Ruth Holmes and Zela Brasted and A. J. Gilfillan returned from a few days' camping expedition on the river near Portville, yesterday.

Miss Bessie Blake returned recently from a sojourn in Buffalo and visited Bradford this week in company with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus, and brother, Will Blake of Eldred.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter, Miss Elanora, are visiting relatives in Chipmunk, N. Y., and will visit at Corry before their return. They expect to be absent about two weeks.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter and Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy are enjoying a camping and fishing outing in the wilds of Canada.

Excursion Rates to Olean via P., S. & N. Railroad.

On account of the Olean races to be held at Olean, N. Y., July 4, 5, 6 and 7, the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railway Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on their line, Good going on regular trains and good for return on or before July 8, 1905. See P., S. & N. agents for further information or address C. J. Renwick, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

The celebrated Ney hay carriers and horse forks at J. C. Hamlin's.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 to $2.00.

FRY & COMES

SEASONABLE MONEY SAVERS

We have three specials to offer this week at prices very much under usual values. They're made possible by our purchasing all that was left of certain lots of goods. A manufacturer at the end of his season will let a small lot go at less than cost of production very often in order to clean his tables. That is how the goods came to us and we give you the advantage of our purchase.

100 GENTS' 4-IN-HAND TIES, each 15c.

These ties are full French made (not lined with cheap silk) and stricty up-to-date. A A good assortment of patterns worth double the price.

200 PRS. MEN'S BALBRIGGAN DRAWERS, Assorted Colors 15c pr.

Sizes 30 to 44—a 25c grade.

85 LADIES' TAPE GIRDLES, pink and blue only, each 5c

Sizes 18 to 24. A good 50c article.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

A Topic of to-day is: "How to get the most comfort during the hot days?"

A nice hammock is a great place to spend a hot afternoon. Ours are strong yet pretty and are just the thing for picnics and camping parties. Come and see them and get prices before buying elsewhere.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

THORNTON & CHESTER BEST ROLLER FLOUR National Mills BUFFALO, N.Y.

THORNTON & CHESTER FLOURS

Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1.75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

LITTLE LANTERNS of THE SOUL

By SIDNEY H. COLE

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In the library of the villa the two men faced each other. The little red shaded lamp dimly lighted the big, luxurious room. Outside the last traces of the soft Italian twilight were fading in the west, and the first of the myriad stars were blinking uncertain yellow dots in the blue velvet sky.

Orne senior lifted his piercing black eyes and looked at his son searchingly.

"... a common ne'er do well," he ... "a gambler, a loafer, a rake. ... squander a fortune at the gaming tables and come whining to me for more money to lose. Get your money where you lost it. I'm through with you."

Young Orne drew himself up. "Father!" he began.

"I'm done with you," the older man thundered. "I wash my hands of you. As God is my judge, I'll cut you off without a cent. Go out into the world and stand on your own feet or sink into the mire of ruin you've been delving in. It's all one to me."

Young Orne strode silently to the door, turned, hesitated, then hurried through the hall into the soft night without. The last streak of red was gone from the west. Far below him at the foot of the slope the little village was agleam with lights. He noticed that even in the trees tiny luminous pin points of light shone steadily. Then he remembered that it was St. John's eve and that the lights were a part of the fiesta.

He descended the steps and strode across the terraces and through the villa gardens. As he came to a group of olive trees just beyond the small... he saw dimly a girlish figure standing beneath one of the trees. There was the rasp of a match, a tiny Chinese lantern was lighted, and in its mellow glow he saw plainly the girl's upturned face as she reached up to fasten the lantern to a low hanging branch. It was Ethelyn Hope, the daughter of his father's oldest friend, who had made her home with the Ornes since her parents' death. That was years back, when Ethelyn was a little girl in frocks. Now she was eighteen, tall, graceful and sweet alike in feature and in temper.

Young Orne came into the little circle of light cast by the lantern. There was an old stone seat beneath that particular olive tree, and he sank into it.

"Celebrating?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, pointing to the lantern. "It is a little lantern of the soul."

"A what?" he asked in laughing perplexity.

"A little lantern of the soul," she repeated. "You hang them on olive trees and say little prayers for the souls they represent. I heard Pietro and the cook talking about them today. I made them explain."

"I see," said he. "Who's soul is this?" And he pointed to the lantern.

"I haven't decided as yet," she said, and added quickly, "I think it will be yours."

"By all means let it be so," he acquiesced. "Heaven knows I'm sadly in need of pious prayers just now."

"Are you in trouble?" she asked. "Have you and Uncle Orne been quarreling again?"

He smiled with ironic bitterness. "Oh, there's been a slight tiff," he said easily.

"That is bad," she said, with ready sympathy.

"It ended by—by—well, to use bold words, by his kicking me out," said he.

Her face became serious. "He didn't really mean it, of course. He'll be sorry before morning."

"I hope so," he said. "You can let me know if he is," he ended lightly.

"I let you know?" she said, frightened by his tone. "You're not—not really going?"

Orne's face darkened. All the rankling bitterness his father's words had inspired was upon him again.

"I may be all he called me and more," he said, with an ominous calmness, "but I still have some pride left. I have to be shown the door but once."

The girl's hands trembled violently as she leaned against the olive tree. Orne, with his head bowed sullenly, did not notice this. When he raised his eyes she was still leaning against the tree. He saw a strange new light in her eyes, and all at once he realized that she was no longer a child, but a woman and that her woman's heart was his. The fact that there was love in his own heart was as much of a shock to him as the discovery of this answering love in hers. He could have cried out with the joy and pain of it. He rose to his feet pale and shaken.

"I must be going," he said roughly.

"Going?" she asked blankly. "Going where?"

He laughed harshly. "I've all the world to choose from," he said bitterly.

He drew her gently to him. For one moment her head rested on his shoulder and her soft brown hair brushed his cheek.

* * * * * * * *

Orne senior had long entertained an idea. It was that some day his son would steady down and marry Ethelyn. But, being a wise old man and knowing too well the dangers of match making, he said nothing of this either to his son or his ward. Now as he sat in the library after the stormy interview with his son he felt that his hopes had received their deathblow. For a long time he sat by the red shaded lamp, pondering deeply. Then he rose and went into the gardens.

He walked rapidly up and down the ... for a time, his head bowed to the warm night air. He saw the light in the olive tree and went down ... to investigate. As he neared ... he caught the sound of a woman's spasmodic sobs. He stopped and peered through the darkness. What he saw beneath the olive tree lifted a great weight from his heart and brought a grim smile to his lips.

"No, no," the girl was saying wildly. "I cannot let you go. It will break my heart."

His son's voice answered soothingly. "It is best that I should go, dear. It won't be for long at the most. I'll prove I'm worthy of you, and then I'll come back to claim you."

"Optimistic young idiot!" muttered Orne senior as he strode into the circle of dim light. Ethelyn gave a little startled cry, and Orne junior glared at him savagely.

"It seems," said Orne senior, with icy composure, "that you haven't made trouble enough, but must needs add this Lothario business to your already large repertory of transgressions."

Young Orne's face went black. His fists clinched. For a moment it looked as if he would strike the older man. Then with an effort he controlled himself.

"Say what you like about my other affairs, but kindly leave this to me," he said in a voice hoarse with anger.

"You're not worthy to worship the ground she treads on," said the elder Orne.

"Good God, don't I know that?" said his son. He turned on his heel.

"Hold on, Sir Touchstone!" said his father. "Wait a minute, can't you?"

Young Orne turned. "Well?" he challenged.

A rare smile curved the mouth of the elder Orne.

"Your spirit in this thing is all very fine," he said grimly, "but you'll very likely find the world a tougher proposition than you imagine, especially if you assail it pointless. I said I'd cut you off without a cent, and I will. The harsh voice softened wonderfully. "I'll give it to Ethelyn instead."

He shuffled up the path toward the villa and left them there in amazed silence.

A gust of wind rattled the gray olive leaves. The little lantern swayed dangerously. Its paper cover caught fire from the guttering candle. There was a momentary flash of flame, then darkness.

"Your little lantern of the soul has gone out," she said.

"Anyway, it stood no show with the greater light we have found," he replied.

A Bit of Superstition.

"I've heard tales of superstitious women," said the very obliging young man to the Philadelphia Record, "but a woman who lives in our neighborhood has them all beaten. She occupies a twin house just above ours and, despite her constant dissertations on hoodooism, is rather unpopular. The other day she went out without her key and when she returned home could not get in. She was on the pavement at most crying when I came along. Naturally, I offered to assist by climbing in a window. I went to the twin house and, climbing through a second story window, got on the porch. Then I squeezed through a tiny ballroom window into her house. After I opened her front door I started to leave, when she stopped me. With evident embarrassment she explained that if I left by any other route than the one by which I entered death would surely visit the house. Summed up, she wanted me to climb back over the roofs. Well, as she is young and pretty and I'm obliging, I did it, but you can bet the next time she loses her key some one else will jeopardize his life."

As Requested.

A pigeon flying enthusiast recently related the following amusing experience: One morning he found a strange bird in his cot. The owner evidently belonged to the association, for there was a numbered ring on the bird's leg.

The finder at once wrote off to the general secretary acquainting him with the facts and quoting the number on the ring. By referring to his books the secretary soon found the name and address of the owner, who was at once made aware of the whereabouts of his bird.

A day or two later the finder received the following communication from the owner:

Sir—I understand you have a homing pigeon of mine. Liberate him at once. How dare you keep my bird? Yours,

X. Y.

The same morning the indignant X. Y. received the following laconic reply by telegram:

Blanktown, 9:18 a. m.—Bird liberated.

Then the following:

9:17 a. m.—Cat got him.

—Stray Stories.

Politeness In Japan.

Politeness in Japan is not at all confined to the upper circles as you imagine. Servants are just as punctiliously polite to each other as their masters. When they meet in the street they will smile correctly at the proper distance from each other. On drawing nearer they smile again, according to the etiquette prescribed, and then after bows of the finest and most minute significance the gardener of one house will address the betto (horse groom) of another with some such phrase as, "It is long since I have hung upon your honorable eyelids?" And the other will answer, "Please excuse my rudeness at the last time we met." And if by any chance they have occasion to punch one another's heads they won't part until they have expressed, with many bows, their mutual regret that their meeting has not been under more pleasant conditions.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

SERMON REPORTERS.

In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homiletic Review of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the different rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentric statements which they deliver. In English churches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an ancient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermons is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and punishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ushers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself by the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary occasion it is recorded that a stenographer was concealed within the pulpit itself.

RABBITS AS FOOD.

He Says They Are Young and Then Cook Them With Onions.

Conies, the parent rabbits, were long considered as indigestible, provocative of melancholy—a black meat, breeding nightmares—but young rabbits have long been approved by thoughtful eaters. They were once eaten very young, and Tusser protested quaintly against the practice of cutting them out of the mother: "I trust there is no man among Christians so inhumanely gluttonous as once to devise or approve the sweetness of so foul a dish." Tame conies are not so good as the wild ones; for every creature doth partake in taste of the air wherein he liveth, and the air of the rabbit warren is not favorable.

The hare was praised extravagantly by Horace and Martial, and Apicius gave many recipes for dressing it, but the rabbit was not much esteemed among the Greeks and Romans. Today there are many ways of cooking the latter—brown or white fricassee, young rabbit in curl papers, croquettes, fillets, gelatin, gratin, rabbit pie, pudding, soup, scallops, mince of rabbit au fumet, rabbits a la venitienne, white giblets, turban of fillets, kickshaws with Italian sauce, and, best of all—how the savor arises as we write!—rabbits and onions. But the rabbits must be young—those whom the gods love eat them young.—Boston Herald.

A DOG IS ALWAYS HONEST.

He Can't Growl and Wag His Tail at the Same Time.

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well known local fancier and huntsman, and that is, you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, for it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but they are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.

"In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is overjoyed every emotion is indicative of that fact, and his whole makeup gives ample testimony to it. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way."—Houston Post.

A Double Presentation.

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a secondhand bookshop, still having this inscription on the fly leaf: "To his friend, J. G., with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath, "This book, bought in a secondhand bookshop, is represented to J. G. with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

The Same Thing.

"What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've never made a dollar!"

"But you forget, dear," replied his energetic wife, "that I made you!"—Detroit Free Press.

Playing Indian.

Mamma—Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scalping you again? Spotted Panther, alias Willie—No, mamma. We have been smoking the pipe of peace.—Stray Stories.

He Saw It.

"Yes, she's pretty, but a poor conversationalist. She seldom says a word. I can't understand why so many men propose to her."

"I can," sighed Henpeck.—Houston Post.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

"HERE IS THE TRAIL."

Signs Used by Indian Tribes and White Hunters.

First among the trail signs that are used by Indians and white hunters and most likely to be of use to the traveler, says a writer in Country Life In America, are ax blazes on tree trunks. These may vary greatly with locality, but there is one everywhere in use with scarcely any variation. This is simply the white spot picked off by knife or ax and meaning, "Here is the trail."

The Ojibways and other woodland tribes use twigs for a great many signs. The hanging broken twig, like the simple blaze, means, "This is the trail." The twig clean broken off and laid on the ground across the line of march means, "Break from your straight course and go in the line of the butt end," and when an especial warning is meant the butt is pointed toward the one following the trail and raised somewhat in a forked twig. If the butt of the twig were raised and pointing to the left it would mean, "Look out, camp," or "Ourselves or the enemy or the game we have killed is out that way."

The old buffalo hunters had an established signal that is yet used by mountain guides. It is as follows:

Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot, means, "Where are you?" The answer, given at once and exactly the same, means: "Here I am. What do you want?" The reply to this may be one shot, which means, "All right. I only wanted to know where you were." But if the reply repeats the first it means, "I am in serious trouble. Come as fast as you can."

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

John McCullough Made Chairs Before He Became an Actor.

Of the thousands who admired the acting of John McCullough few were aware that at sixteen he could read, but could not write, and that at eighteen he knew absolutely nothing of literature, perhaps not even the name of the great poet of Avon, whose interpreter he afterward became.

In after life McCullough used to speak gratefully of an old chairmaker, under whom he worked, for teaching him two things—"chairmaking and Shakespeare." In his periods of convivility the old chairmaker was accustomed to spout Shakespeare to young McCullough, giving a somewhat imperfect imitation of Forrest's acting. It was this that turned McCullough's thought from chairmaking to the stage. Yet to all his after years McCullough was proudest of his early craft. On one occasion, at the height of his popularity, he was the guest of a wealthy Philadelphian. In the midst of the talk after dinner the tragedian glanced at a chair in the room, went over to it and, turning it bottom up, said to his amazed host:

"I thought so! That's one of my chairs!"

And he seemed prouder of the fact that the chair had lasted so long, because it was so well made, than he was of his histrionic success.—Saturday Evening Post.

Customs Red Tape.

Several tins of paint were found among the luggage of an Englishman who was traveling to Monaco. He was in charge of a racing craft and intended to use the pigment to touch up the vessel after its long railway journey. The French customs officials, however, took exception to the paint on the ground that it contained dutiable spirit, whereupon the traveler argued that he intended bringing it back on leaving the country. Asked how he was going to bring it back, he replied, "On the sides of the boat." Even this plea did not suffice, the authorities arguing that the spirit would have evaporated.

The Great Assam Earthquake.

After the great Assam earthquake which occurred on June 12, 1897, the earth tremor went on continuously for several days. It was estimated that there were 200 shocks a day for a few days after June 12, and, though these had diminished to twenty or thirty a day by the middle of July, the people were accustomed for at least two years after the earthquake to a daily shock. These after shocks were the residual effects of the first big disturbance and had nothing dangerous in their character.

Left the World.

The beautiful Mme. X. was greatly distressed a short while since. Her husband had forsaken her, leaving behind him a note as follows: "Farewell, dear Adelaide. I am quitting this world." Two days later the lamented husband returned to the wife of his bosom in the best of spirits. He had been up in a balloon.

Buying, Not Shopping.

Caller—Is your mother in, Ethel? Ethel—No, ma'am; she's downtown. Caller—Shopping? Ethel—Oh, no; I don't think she had time for that. She just said she was going to get some things she needed.—Philadelphia Press.

Shocking.

Mrs. Gramercy—You look awfully worried, my dear girl. Mrs. Park—It's all on account of my stupid maid. She let me go out with Fido when I was wearing the gown that harmonizes with Babette!—Puck.

An Amateur.

Ethel—Are you sure he has never loved before? Edith—Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweler's and pick out any ring I wanted.—Judge.

Every wise man has a parachute of prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

INSURANCE.

Life. Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McIntyre, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Chas. H. E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oman Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Outlander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Hartmann, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. B. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—F. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, Geo. S. Sheridan, Gorton, Sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessor—J. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chamberlain, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivele.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS. BUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 327, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets every Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BUTTLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Parsonage.

Miss. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

6:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Shamokin, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3:25 p. m., New York 5:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:05 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, B-Rule to Philadelphia and Washington.

5:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:32 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:05 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 a. m., New York 9:32 a. m. week days (10:30 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:11 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations. Arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m week days, (10:30 a. m. Sundays) Sunbury and Baltimore 7:12 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M.	STATIONS	SOUTH P. M.
2:35	Ridgway	11:55
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:50
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:34
3:07	Straight	11:24
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:25	Woodvale	10:45
3:33	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:45 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. B. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route, daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20	1:45	
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00	12:30	4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:35
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:06
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. R. R. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. E. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In effect Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:35 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:55 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:55 p. m.);

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.);

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:30 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:35 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:35 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:55 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward, A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS, Ar	Dp	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.25	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10	
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	6	2.34	9.	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.20	
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32	
7.30	6	1.45	Newfield	7.47	2.46	9	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.47	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10	
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.30	
6.15	6	1.05	N. Couds'pt	8	3.26	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	8.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.06	1.25
0	0	12.13	Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knapp Son		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.20	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.42	Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3.13	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

C—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

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Olean Leinweber, Smethport, Pa

Shipmates

By LOUISE HERRIFIELD

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She was alone How much he knew From the time the steamer left Bremen until it struck out into the open Atlantic he hardly noticed her but once it or six spent every day on deck and always alone

It was Colford's own loneliness which forced him half unconsciously into a silent comradeship of sympathy with her Ten years abroad in the Austrian consular service had made him feel like a foreigner now that he was among his own countrymen again Nearly every one else on board had friends or made them readily but for some reason—their own disinclination he thought—the two remained apart

She was in mourning The soft clinging black made her look even younger and more girlish than she was and yet it gave her a certain forlorn dignity

Once he passed her on a windy gray morning up forward It was early and there was no one else on deck As he came abreast of her the wind in a vagrant frolic blew her long chiffon veil across his eyes It was a clinging evasive veil By the time Colford was disentangled he was angry and embarrassed until he met her laughing eyes

After that he raised his cap when they met and she acknowledged the silent greeting shyly One night a wild spring tempest broke in sudden fury over the gray sea It was after midnight Colford stumbled into the cabin drenched with spray and met her face to face Her face was white and she held a sobbing child in her arms soothing him gently while the mother had hysterics in a corner

There is no danger Colford said She looked up at him, smiling

I am not afraid There is never danger when one does not fear

By the time Sandy Hook was reached the sixth day, Colford knew he was overboard It was her shy dignity that attracted him her air of absolute self reliance and reserve when he knew she was for a moment desolate She told him her story the day after the storm It was a simple tale of tragedy in a tragedy of circumstances She was an Austrian and an orphan Her father had been a Viennese surgeon

'And after he died a year ago" she had told Colford leaning over the bulwark her gray eyes dreamily watching the long swelling waves sweep back from the steamer's sides we lived at Brazza on the coast—mother and I It was her old home and there was nothing else to do

And then — said Colford as she paused

'Then, a month ago, she left me also She told me to come to America I have an uncle my father's brother, who will meet me in New York He is the only relative I have in the world."

Are you sure he will meet you?

I cabled him I was coming He is a physician also she said gravely 'He loved my father dearly I know he will meet me"

And if he does not?

She glanced up with troubled eyes

But he will There is no one else in all the world who would help me"

"One other'

Colford spoke quietly, but a trifle unsteadily, as he looked down into her serious childlike eyes

'You must not say there is no one else I, too am alone in the world Does not our mutual loneliness give us a claim on each other? Surely you will let me help you?

A faint color rose slowly to her cheeks She looked back at the sea.

I think I should perhaps"

When the steamer swung from the Hudson into its slip on West street, Colford sought her for the last time The rest of the passengers crowded the bow of the boat half crazy with joy, as they recognized friends and relatives on the pier but the girl in black stood aft looking back at the sunlit river back toward the open sea and Austria

'Are you sorry it is over?'

'Europe?" She spoke wistfully

'No the voyage" He went on as she did not answer 'Has it been nothing at all to you? Do you care, Helene'

The purser came briefly from the cabin a telegram in his hand

Helene Vorgt'

She opened it slowly The message was brief Colford saw the paper as it fluttered from her hand It was from a city hospital and merely stated that Josef Vorgt physician had died six months previously

'There is no one else she said, lifelessly

Colford led her to the cabin

There is one other—you forget he told her 'Let me be the one, Helene

She waited where he left her tearless helpless yet with the quaint dignity that seemed to infold her like a magic cloak of separation from the world It was half an hour before Colford returned There was a new look on his face as he bent over her a look of protection and determination

Dear heart this glorious land of the free refuses to let a little foreign maiden all forlorn on its shores You are a waif, sweetheart, a friendless penniless waif according to the officials downstairs and as such they propose in a friendly courteous way to ship you over to Ellis Island as an unwelcome immigrant and deport you to Austria on the first steamer sailing

She smiled for the first time a faint ghost of a smile though her eyes were filled with tears

I terrible I know she said

He took her hands in his The land of the free is willing to allow a girlimmigrant to enter provided some one inquires for her—Helene, is Ellis Island one Or you choose awe theart?

The town became up the stairs saw the two gates and vanished Out on the river a tug whistled shrilly

Why no one is alone — she began

Colford raised the hand he held to his lips

When two are done he corrected they cannot possibly be alone They have each other The voyage has only begun little shipmate'

He Saved His Life

A group of congressmen who happened to be at the capital during a recess of the national legislature helped to while away the time by exchanging stories and one of the statesmen from Pennsylvania told this one regarding a constituent This man who lived in one of the small towns in the Keystone State was appointed naval officer at the chief port in the state He immediately packed up his belongings and established himself in the metropolis of the commonwealth At the end of four years the administration changed and he relinquished his office When he returned to the village of his birth his first visit was to his aged mother She greeted him tenderly and said

My boy you have held four years in the federal office Tell me now that it is over what have you saved

He was nonplussed for the moment Not a penny of his salary remained in an outfit of rags he turned to her and leaning over her said with loving fervor

Mother I saved my life —Harpers Weekly

Some Nautical Terms

The word yacht like many other nautical words in the English language is of Dutch origin This is natural since the English learned the art of seamanship from their old masters of the sea the Dutch Other Dutch words are hoper' smack sloop reef boom taffrail From the Netherlands come also the words smuggling and boy is in ship ahoy When one reads how Lord Nelson was taken down to the orlop deck to die at the battle of Trafalgar one has yet another term taken from the Dutch

Schooner' is a word of American manufacture At Gloucester Mass about 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson built the first vessel called by that name As it slid off the stocks into the water a bystander shouted "Oh how she scoons' (skims) Robinson instantly said "A scooner let her be The name has been universally adopted but singularly enough is spelled in the Dutch manner though it is provincial English

Why Women Are Pretty

According to an English specialist who has made a careful study of the subject the reason why women are better looking than men is because they are more indolent and are not called upon to use their brains as much as men are Hard intellectual work and assiduous attention to business he says are harmful so far as physical beauty is concerned As proof that his theory is correct he points to the Zaros whose home is in British India Among them women hold the place which in other countries is occupied by men The Zaro woman manages the affairs of state goes into business on her own account and does not wait for a proposal of marriage but proposes herself, whereas the Zaro man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after his children The natural result says the scientist is that the men of this singular tribe are very pretty and the women are unusually plain

Black Bottles For Wine

Black bottles for wine were introduced about a hundred and fifty years ago Lord Delaval an English peer, brought over a number of Hanoverian blowers and started works at Sutton Sluice in Northumberland His main idea was to utilise a seam of inferior coal on his estate. At first the black color was due to the material used in making the glass, but afterward the public became so habituated to the association of wine and black bottles that, even when the constituents used were changed and improved, coloring matter was introduced to keep up the familiar appearance

THE GIRL IN BLACK STOOD LOOKING BACK TOWARD THE OPEN SEA.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Some Facts Concerning It That Are Not Generally Known

Though every schoolboy presumably knows to a nicety where the Cape of Good Hope is situated there does undoubtedly prevail in less enlightened circles some vagueness of conception as to the exact locality of that celebrated headland Even the gentle reader is faintly conscious of uncertainty and answers with a briskness not born of conviction The Cape of Good Hope? Why of course I know where it is Down at the end of South Africa Gentle reader you are not very far out fifty or a hundred miles perhaps And as you say it is not of the slightest consequence from a practical point of view

The Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end and is in fact, the middle of the three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula some twenty miles in length, forming the barrier between False bay and the Atlantic ocean on the west These three headlands lying near together and commonly undivided on a map of moderate scale are locally designated Cape Point It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first—encountered by full force the prevalent southeasterly gales and denominated the rugged threatening three-fold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms to be afterward christened by pious Portuguese the Cape of Good Hope The Cape of Storms the Cape of Good Hope Farewell! Is there nothing in a name?

TOBACCO HEART

The Way Smoking Acts Upon and Injures the System

Are you learning to smoke boys? Learning by heart— tobacco heart Let's chat a little common sense in the Medical Summary and then enjoy your smoke—if you can

In smoking a cigar we take in carbonic oxide several poisons and a very poisonous oil containing nicotine The nicotine and some of the substances which help to make the numerous brands so pernicious to the system are put on the leaf when it is made ready and find thereby their way into the native property

The stimulation of the heart and lungs by the nicotine of the tobacco distresses its action is weakened and intermittent and finally serious and serious to the consequences

Owing to the disturbances in the blood and the irritation of nutrition is slowed and the lungs become affected tissue is paralyzed and vision is impaired

Tobacco is essentially a functional rather than an organic poison It modifies the special tissues and not the structure Tobacco is eliminated by the kidneys and very rapidly consequently the bad effects quickly disappear under proper treatment if however the habit is given up

Japanese Politeness

A Russian soldier left behind his brothers in arms He knelt down and fired his gun rapidly and then reloaded it ready for his enemies when they should appear with it Now it is quite a custom for a Japanese soldier to carry about with him in the hot weather a small fan On this occasion a man was forthcoming and handed to the Russian but he refused to take it preferring to use his cap Still with an amiable smile on his face one of the Japanese again proffered him the rejected fan at the same time covering him with a revolver The captive took the gift without further reluctance —From Brindle's 'With Russians and Japanese

The Larkspur.

Great vigilance has to be exercised by the antiquarian painter This was demonstrated by Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's picture The Finding of Moses' Looking at the picture a well known botanist examined with admiration the painting of the bridle larkspurs which form the foreground and then turning toward the artist and congratulating him on the successful rendering pointed out that larkspurs were of a comparatively recent growth The painter laughed as he replied So I thought, until dried specimens of them were discovered in some of the recently explored royal tombs of Egypt.

Fishy

Mother (reproachfully to her small son)—Jamie where have you been all afternoon?

Jamie (uneasily)—At Sunday school, mamma

Mother—Then how is it you are wet and smell so of fish?

Jamie (in desperation)—Well you see, I've been studying about Jonah and the whale, and—well I guess it came off on my clothes—Harper's Weekly

Lack of Perception.

"Dat dog o mine said Erastus Pinkly, keeps on a-tryin to whup ev'y four footed critter dat comes down de road'

'He must be a fighter

No, suh He ain' no fighter, but he don' seem able to rec'nize de fack'—Washington Star

The Place For Him

'Notwithstanding what you say about Kraftie" said Goodart, "he seems to be a loyal fellow He appears to keep in with his friends"

"He should be kept in with them" replied Crabbe "Most of his friends are in jail."—Philadelphia Ledger

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history —Browne

At the Court of Rex

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Copyright 1905 by Fannie Heaslip Lea

I am lost said the pretty maiden with a quintly little air

She stood before a window of a big department store on Canal street and scanned the surging crowd before her It was Mardi Gras day in New Orleans and the pretty maiden had been in town only three hours two of which had been spent in a hotel

I have lost my mother she said again as if to impress the fact upon herself— and my father —then she added as an afterthought 'and my purse

In the street the people crowded each other for more room and there was a constant stream of maskers gay domino hood fellows with tinkling bells and snapping whips and the pretty maiden watched them from the entrance to the department store and her ideas quite lost their balance and toppled over into the mad whirl of carnival

I'm glad I'm lost she said to herself How will I know I was separated from the lady by the crowd and then I'll be fearfully worried but after awhile then all this fuss and excitement will be over and I shall come home and mother will forgive me Oh I love carnival I'm glad I came

A drum throbbed subtly in the distance the crowd surged to the edge of the banquette then surged back again with easy laughter, for no pranks appealed

Ah said some one at the pretty maiden's elbow I beg your pardon but I thought I was never going to find you The crowd is so thick

The pretty maiden started A young man clean shaven and eminently presentable was regarding her but in mind

I'm afraid you don't remember me he suggested a little crestfallen Isn't this Miss Preston?

The pretty maiden's eyes widened To herself she cried The adventure! but aloud she said quite coolly

I'm afraid the advantage is yours'

'I'm sorry He answered stiffly

But please don't think me an impertinent stranger My cousin wrote me to meet you here you and your sister She asked me to show you around for the parade I—my name is Robert Randolph he finished awkwardly

The pretty maiden hesitated a barely instant but the carnival spirit was in the air and the trick that in her rightful environment would have been impossible itself like a flash this unlooked for adventure

That cut was a hard one—then—Oh said with the friendliest smile in a while you are Bobby Randolph

Of course he agreed cheerfully It's been a great while since we saw each other but still —

Sh! it's said the pretty maiden emphatically Let me see just how long ago it was

Just twelve years said Mr Randolph four years three years seven days four hours and I think twenty seven minutes

Don't tell me in a hurried breath lest

And by the way where's your sister? I'm just dying to

My sister! said the pretty maiden quite astonished My sister? Oh—of course she came But she had a fearful headache and she decided to stay at the hotel and I hate to miss the parade you see'

Of course. Too bad she won't see it,' said Mr Randolph regretfully

'The trip was so long and tiresome' said the pretty maiden incautiously

Two hours' long! I like that Why it's only forty eight miles between here and Pass Christian

Distance' said the pretty maiden sententiously 'is not a matter of miles with me at least" she added prudently

'Well we can have a jolly time by ourselves anyhow,' Mr Randolph assured her

The pretty maiden hesitated—that is, she would have hesitated but Mr Randolph's cheerful confidence left her no room to do so

They walked on rather slowly, for the crowd was dense and Mr Randolph's shoulders acted as a buffer more than once

'We'll have time to go and get some hot chocolate before Rex gets here' he calculated cheerfully Look out there, will you?" This last to a line of college boys who were going through the crowd like an animated wedge

The pretty maiden laughed delicously

'You looked so angry' she explained between gasps then stopped suddenly because a small red devil with battered mask aimed a shower of confetti at her fluttering face

There was a blare of trumpets down the street and the long roll of a drum A wave of excitement submerged the people Randolph used shoulders and elbows with a skill that bespoke long experience on the football field and the pretty maiden found herself in the front of the crowd Mounted policemen paced slowly past her, a band shrilling forth 'If Ever I Cease to Love' and then Rex and his cohorts

The pretty maiden dimpled and blushed from sheer delight at the gorgeous spectacle, and the capering maskers on the fantastic floats repaid her interest. One threw her a great fragrant bunch of violets, which she clasped with both hands like an excited child; another tossed an armlet of brass; a third a box of French sweets, until young Randolph was hugely proud of her Then, when the last silver tower and shimmering veil had melted down the street he swung her into the crowd again her cheeks pink with excitement and the great purple violets nestling in the furs under her pretty chin

Now let's have that chocolate said Mr Randolph They found a corner in a pretty tea room and he dispatched a waiter for their order while the room filled steadily

Do you know he said you've changed somehow?

The pretty maid came back with a start to the fact that Mr Randolph was not a lifelong friend

Have I? she asked shyly

Yes he repeated somehow you've changed You always were pretty you know and I always was your abject slave but now —

I've changed? asked the pretty maiden mournfully

You're so—so much more so he explained lucidly

You remember? asked Mr Randolph presently 'how we used to love each other when you were ten and I was fourteen?'

"We didn't" she said with a start

Oh nonsense! You cried your eyes out when I left for school And you said you'd marry me when you grew up—and when we said goodby—you kissed me

I did nothing of the sort cried the pretty maiden very pink and furious

You've forgotten said Mr Randolph "There's no reason why you should be ashamed of it A childish affection is the most sincere—and you certainly were fond of me, he finished touch

I've changed very much said the pretty maiden thoughtfully selecting a mint bon from the plate of cakes

I'm sorry said Mr Randolph simply because you're even nicer than you used to be

I want to tell you something she said I'm not Miss Preston—I never saw you before I'm here for the carnival and I lost my people in the crowd this morning, and then you came and—I know it was horrid of me

Well said Mr Randolph stiffly

Well it was just fun he pleaded defiantly and won't you please go —now I've told you Too late a pretty maiden finds comfort and father across the room

If you wish it of course said Mr Randolph with most unreasonable dignity

I think you better she said and fairly pushed him away and in a moment she turned to her father and mother with indignation in her voice

Well, you lost me she said with hypocritical anger for two whole hours and I'm nearly starved

The pretty maiden and her parents dined with friends that night and the pretty maiden went in to dinner with Mr Randolph to her unbounded surprise Mr Randolph looked a similar feeling Then they both laughed

The world isn't so large after all she said

My world said Mr Randolph comes only just up to my shoulder

A Malay Water Slide

In Perak a state in the Straits Settlements the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river down which the water trickles about two inches deep the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the hillock This rock the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years the Malays—men women and children—have turned into a toboggan Climbing to the top of the rock they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the sixty feet into a pool of water

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures There is little danger in the game and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches

Love's Queer Ways

Mme Myriam Harry the Parisian novelist, who traveled about the world a good deal described what evidences of affection are prized by men and women in different countries In Jerusalem she once met a young Arab woman who had not a tooth left in her head Mme Harry's native servant said 'Lucky woman! Her husband knocked all her teeth out. He does love her" In Cochin China Mme Harry was told that there a husband was not believed to love his wife properly until he had made a present to her of a coffin In Galicia, among the sect of Masochists, a man values his wife's affection by the degree of suffering which she causes him to endure. Mme Harry says once heard a betrothed youth say to his affianced bride, If you really loved me you would consent to bind me and flog me with this whip" At Stockholm a woman sued her husband for divorce on the ground that he did not love her soulfully

Eat Slowly

The property of eating slowly ought always to be remembered Mr Gladstone's thirty two bites are historical. Napoleon was a terribly fast eater, and this habit is supposed to have paralyzed him on two of the most critical occasions of his life, the battles of Leipsic and Borodino which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont On each of these occasions he was known to have been suffering from indigestion.—London Standard

A LIVING NET.

Peculiar Method of Fishing Used by Natives of Oceania

A peculiar method of fishing is indulged in by the natives of Tutuila, one of the islands of Oceania At a given signal the inhabitants of the village assemble on the seashore to the number of about 200 persons each of whom carries a branch of cocoa palm With these in their hands they plunge into the water and at a certain distance from the shore turn toward it forming a compact half circle each one holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water and thus forming a sieve

The leader of the party then gives a signal and this living net approaches the shore gradually in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes Surrounded by this living wall and entangled in the cocoa palm branches many of the fishes are cast on the sand by the waves while others are killed with sticks After being cooked over hot coals the fish are served with bananas and cocoanut milk.

The scene as described by a Frenchman who visited the island was interesting and picturesque in the extreme, the effect being immensely heightened by the appearance of the natives whose costume consists of a short tunic of seaweed or leaves Their hair is powdered with chalk while the warriors are distinguished by the hair being powdered red Wreaths of gardenias or red hibiscus are worn on their heads also round their necks

AN EXPERT ON LYING

He Was Allowed to Testify In Court and Won the Case

A Kansas City lawyer tells of the use of expert testimony on lying He says

'I was prosecuting attorney for Pinney county in 1881 and had a fellow up before Squire N C Jones on the charge of horse stealing He hired Mike Sutton to defend him and when the case was called I proved beyond question by a witness who witnessed the theft that we had the right man After the prosecution had rested Sutton introduced Buffalo' Jones as a witness and gravely informed the court that he intended to prove by him that my witness had lied 'Buffalo took the stand and swore that while he had never seen or heard of the witness before and knew nothing at all about the crime committed he had had a great deal of experience with men and could tell pretty certain when they were lying Then he proceeded to tell how men acted when they were lying and gave the expert opinion that my witness had sworn to lies from the word go I protested against such performances but Sutton made the judge believe he had as much right to introduce an expert on lies as he would have to introduce an expert on medicine or any other science and the result was the thief was dismissed from custody

A VAST STONY WRECK

The North Cape In Norway Is Almost the World's End

The North cape Norway is not quite the most northerly land in Europe but it is far enough north a dismal black point jutting out into the sea nearly 1 thousand feet high Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend unless it be wet and slippery From the top to the edge of the cliff is a half mile or more of hard walking over stones mingled with moss

At last we come to the edge of the cliff The sun though it is nearly 12 o'clock has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path but still far above the shimmering sea You stand on that lonely point feeling except for the presence of those around you that you are quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life You stand without on a rock pelted by every storm of wind and snow Attacked by the fiery summer sun and pitiless winter frost no wonder that neither tree nor shrub nor scarce a flower can exist Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters —Albert I Bolls in Booklovers Magazine

The Tearkerchief

In some parts of the Tyrol a beautiful though curious custom prevails When a girl is going to be married and just before she leaves for the church her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a tearkerchief It is made of newly spun and unused linen, and with it the girl dries the natural tears she sheds on leaving home The tearkerchief is never used after the marriage day but is folded up and placed in the linen closet where it remains till its owner's death when it is taken from its place and spread over her dead face

Know Your Own Mind

The great majority of people need bracing up all the time They want to be reassured They do not know their own minds They are not sure of themselves The leader the man who can rule others must be master of this art Encouragement is to many men what battery is to some women —Success

How He Avoided It

"Have you ever been hissed off the stage?" asked the girl who was thrilled at having met a real actor

"Oh, no" he replied "When I'm off the stage I always try to be among friends as much as possible"—Chicago Record Herald

Learn to say "No" It will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon

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THE AMAZING MINK.

How Does This Animal Succeed In Terrorizing the Rabbit?

The mink is as slow a runner as the rabbit is swift I have seen minks run several times and their peculiar measuring worm gait takes them along about as fast as a man can run The rabbit cannot only go with incredible speed but can course for hours And yet the mink is able to run down the swift rabbit The rabbit seems to give up the race it would look almost as if some unknown law of nature made him the prey of minks as if he felt that was his destiny and did not try to escape from it In the cases we observed the jump of the rabbit grew shorter and shorter until it became little more than a helpless hop The marks in the snow indicated that the mink was not being dragged by the rabbit, but that the mink did not overtake his victim until the latter, for no apparent reason had given up the race And yet a fox seldom catches a rabbit and probably never in open running

Then it would seem as if these blood suckers have some power of which we know nothing As it is only one explanation can be offered why so slow running animal as a mink or weasel can catch as swift an animal as a rabbit

We know the mink does not tire out the rabbit in following him leisurely maintaining his slower gait relentlessly never giving his victim a chance to rest and so by the slow sure process of work and worry wearing out poor Bunny

Hence it must be that the rabbit has in common with other small animals that terrible demoralizing or paralyzing fear of all the weasel family—a fear so great and bewildering that once a mink is on its trail the rabbit becomes paralyzed with it and in stupefied knowing that he cannot escape it runs in a half circle gives up

If this is so then there is a law in nature that we do not fully understand a law akin to that which makes a rabbit cower and a woodchuck brave to his dying gasp A ferret put into a gray squirrels hole will at once be driven out by the indignant squirrel A rabbit has as sharp teeth as a squirrel and surely might defend itself as well as a woodchuck, woodchuck yet the little wild rabbit unflinchingly two dogs and a man After his back is broken and he knows he will hold up his head and while a fierce defiance yet a rabbit will not even try to escape appeal to him in mind it could just as well elude as not It seems as if the rabbit were meant for food for other animals nature having given him great reproductive powers and unlimited food and then saddled him with some strange fatality that makes him play his part in spite of himself in the general scheme of wild life Outing

The English Royal Plate

The royal plate at Windsor is generally reckoned to be worth about £2 000 000 and it is no unusual thing at a state banquet at the castle to have plate to the value of £500 000 in the room There are two state dinner services one of gold and one of silver The gold service was purchased by George IV and will dine 120 persons The plates alone of this service cost over £1 000 On state occasions there are usually placed on the dining table some very beautiful gold dragons captured from the Spanish armada which are now of course of priceless value while the great silver wine cooler made by Rundell & Bridge for George IV and weighing 7 000 ounces always adorns one corner of the apartment As sideboard ornaments there are pretty trifles in the way of a peacock of precious stones valued at £50 000 and a tigers head from India with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue and diamond teeth This wonderful collection of plate is crown property which practically means that it belongs to the country

Execution of Louis XVI

The crowd which surrounded the carriage closed around me bore me along to the place of execution and placed me so to speak in front of the scaffold I beheld the appalling spectacle The crime had been hardly accomplished when a cry of Vive la nation" rose from the foot of the guillotine It was repeated by the bystanders, it passed through the crowd This cry was followed by silence most wonderful and most profound Shame horror and fear already hovered over the wide expanse I passed over it a second time, carried along by the flood which had brought me hither Every one walked slowly and scarcely ventured to look in his neighbor's face The rest of the day was spent in deep stupor It had spread over the whole city I was obliged to go out twice and found the streets deserted and silent. The assassins had lost their wonted daring The public grief made itself felt and this could before it.—Memoirs of Charlotte Duguet

Talent and Confidence

A successful man supported by great talent will achieve more than a genius who does not believe in himself The mind cannot act with vigor in the presence of doubt A wavering mind makes a wavering decision There must be certitude confidence and assurance or there can be no efficiency An uneducated man who believes in himself and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes often puts to shame the average college bred man, whose over culture and wider outlook have sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self confidence, whose decision has been weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories and whose prejudices are always open to conviction —Success

How to go to California.

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LIFE IN JAVA.

The Natives Are Grave and Mainly Live and Eat in Public

The Javans live much in public and the poorer classes instead of eating their meals at home as is the manner of the unsociable Hindoo seem usually to breakfast and dine at one of the itinerant cookshops to be found at every street corner Many exclusive people may be seen buying the small packets of curry and rice wrapped in fresh plantain leaves and pinned with bamboo splinters which are intended for home consumption

To stroll down a village street and watch the culinary operations in progress at wayside eating shops was an unfailing source of amusement and very clean and appetizing they looked though the smell was occasionally somewhat trying to the European nose The Javans like all rice eating people are fond of pungent and evil smelling sauces and equivalents of the Burman ngapee and Japanese bean soy are in constant requisition

The natives and especially the children look fat and healthy and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions though they are generally speaking of grave demeanor and are not endowed with the unfailing vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese During the six weeks that we spent in the island we did not see half a dozen beggars and except in cities certainly not that number of policemen—Pearsons

THE VEILED PROPHET

He Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages

The celebrated veiled prophet of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Hakem Ibn Hashem He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the living God and being very prominent in magic (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles) soon drew an immense number of followers around him He always wore a gold mask claiming that it was to protect the mortals of this earth who he said could not look upon his face and live

At last after thousands had quitted the city and even left the empire of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement an army was sent against the veiled prophet forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Kesh north of the Oxus Finally when ultimate defeat was certain the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames being entirely consumed except his hair which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse

FABLE OF THE PANSY

The Family of Six That Is Contained In the Flower

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children The flower has five petals and five sepals In most pansies especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay In two pansy petals have a single sepal two of the gay petals have a sepal each and the third which is the largest of all has two sepals

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife The plain petals are the stepchildren with only one chair the two small gay petals are the daughters with a chair—each and the large gay petal is the wife with two chairs

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath tub The story is probably of French origin because the French call the pansy the stepmother

Sunlight and Eyesight

Sunlight as distinct from sun heat is of benefit to human eyes Unless refracted from white cliffs or stretches of sand or by other means it does not cause any impairment of vision It is the natural provision of the sense of sight and is in harmony with the natural period for work and pleasure—that is the day So soon as we introduce artificial light we deal with that which needs caution A dim light injures vision because the eye alters its shape to receive the feeble rays On the other hand a strong artificial light will produce inflammation of the eye surface and worse.

Nero's Appearance

In his youth Nero was remarkably handsome but early in manhood his habits of dissipation made him exceedingly corpulent. To judge from his medals and the descriptions left of him he must have weighed over 200 pounds His features were regular but his eyes were so protuberant as to be almost a deformity and he was nearsighted so much so that he could not recognize his acquaintances across the street

His Mistake

Mr Slimsky—I don't believe the city water is safe I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of—milky—and— Mrs Starvem—That glass contains milk Mr Slimsky The water is at your left And, by the way, your board bill was due yesterday—Cleveland Leader

It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life.—Longfellow

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ANTIQUITY OF BREAD

THE STAFF OF LIFE AS PREPARED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS

Primitive Methods of Grinding the Wheat and Baking the Loaf—The Bread of the Assyrians—First Water Power Mills In Norway

Bread was made of fairly respectable quality long before the advent of the days of Biblical chronology Synchronous with the development and progress of primitive stones was the improvement in the manner of making Each Mesopotamian to whose delivering into success on rice progress much present knowledge is due discovered says the London Daily News an slightly fermented or evenly crushed grain and it exhibited under conditions that mark its manufacture as long before the advent of man as he is today This Joule has the experience of having been often baked before an open fire the mass of dough thrown on a flat stone before the operation and turned until each side had been subjected to the heat It is hardly up to the standard of our present bread but the men of those days were not fastidious

The ancient Egyptians were the pioneers in extensive grain growing and bread making Their slaves were only those who could not pay and they began their cultivation of land after the flood had gone down Thus as the ground had been fertilized by the mud deposited by the river it was not necessary to use any manure Their wheat was sown in November and reaped in April Their barley and durra and were much smaller grains of today The Egyptians are really the best farmers of whom we have any coherent record They harvested their wheat five months after it was put in the ground and bound it into sheaves much like the bundles of sheaves of today Then threshing was done by driving cattle over the primary floors

The oldest type of grinding obtained with the Egyptians the women usually being required to perform the work but they had discovered the power of fermented yeast cells as in several instances leavened bread has been found dating to this era It is said with the Egyptians that the professional baker first sprung into notice in the world There is picture writing on several tombs that shows bake shops long before the time of the dynasty The story of Joseph contains the dominance of the Egyptians for use during the seven lean years shows how important grain and bread stuffs were to Egyptians

When the first of the Assyrian and the earlier nations of Babylonia have records to show how this ancient people lived and throve Apparently the Assyrians were a most abstemious people and little given to riotous feasting even in the celebration of victories for the remains

On the bronze gates of Balawat are found engravings depicting the warlike doings of Shalmaneser II who ruled and warred in the years from 860 B C to 825 B C One engraving shows the women of a tribe baking bread great piles of bread for the benefit of returning victorious soldiers The Assyrians also knew how to raise grains their hydraulic machines and aqueducts showing how they appreciated the value of irrigation

Bread figured prominently in the history of the ancient Jews When the Israelites were only twelve tribes they had their bakers and they began their existence as a nation after the flight from Egypt Thus as the people progressed with all peoples that have had any extensive [illegible] bakers were [illegible]

age only as one of the leguminous plants that gave him a precarious sustenance gradually seeing the strength derived by those who fed exclusively upon grain diet man with his intellect now increasing began to care for the grasses which the desirable plants grew, and from this it was not a far step to the careful cultivation of grain.

Each family of the Jews had a mill for itself differing in this from its contemporaneous races where the grain was ground in a community mill So important was the millstone in the economy of the Jewish home that Moses laid down the law "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge for he taketh a man's life to pledge" this the phrase to pledge and indicate that the pawnshop was as unknown at even this early stage of the world's career

Coming down to more recent days, the old time residents of the Scandinavian countries in their time stood forth most prominently as grain users and bakers Women were principally in charge of the preparation of the grain and of the bakings The grinding was done in mills run by horsepower wind or even by large dogs

Some of the first water power mills known of were in Norway The baking there was usually done in ovens constructed and maintained by the towns and villages People with grain to be baked into bread came to the bakeries where women received the grain baked it and returned the bread to the owner with a tithe taken out for the baking

Beaconsfield's Severest Critic

The grateful affection which Lord Beaconsfield entertained for his wife which he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes is well known She was in the habit of traveling with him on almost all occasions A friend of the earl was dining with him when one of the party had no better excuse or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the countess with him Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said I don't suppose you can understand it B—I don't suppose you can understand it—for no one could even in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude! On another occasion Beaconsfield described his wife as the most severe of critics but a perfect wife

Hans Christian Andersen

A critic writes of Hans Christian Andersen his story was perhaps his most salient characteristic He was prone to series of times in every position and [illegible] and he never [illegible] but unlike some fortunes His whims were legion He had a morbid horror of being buried alive and always secured a sheet of paper by his bedside bearing the words Signs should claim a trance" His hosts often found him an exciting guest but his [illegible] ing [illegible] easily pardoned for the sake of his genius and his childlike nature

An Irish Incident

[illegible] Irish tourist who was [illegible] painting on the Devil's Bridge [illegible] that was just by your [illegible] to the town [illegible] but when [illegible] with several [illegible] the Mushroom [illegible] this

The Flying Fish

The flying fish when in the air uses its pectoral fins precisely as a boy does a kite [illegible] weight of the fish's body [illegible] place of the string As a [illegible] has to take so [illegible] preliminary run [illegible] the water to ascend [illegible] In this it is at less [illegible] advantages upon the level [illegible] of the fin when carrying the body as well as when [illegible] [illegible] is seen that it can [illegible] and so it possesses [illegible] gliding power when in the air accounts for the fact that frequently finds its way through ships' open ports or down skylights or lands helplessly upon deck

In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility—Bulwer

Ike's News

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Application for Charter

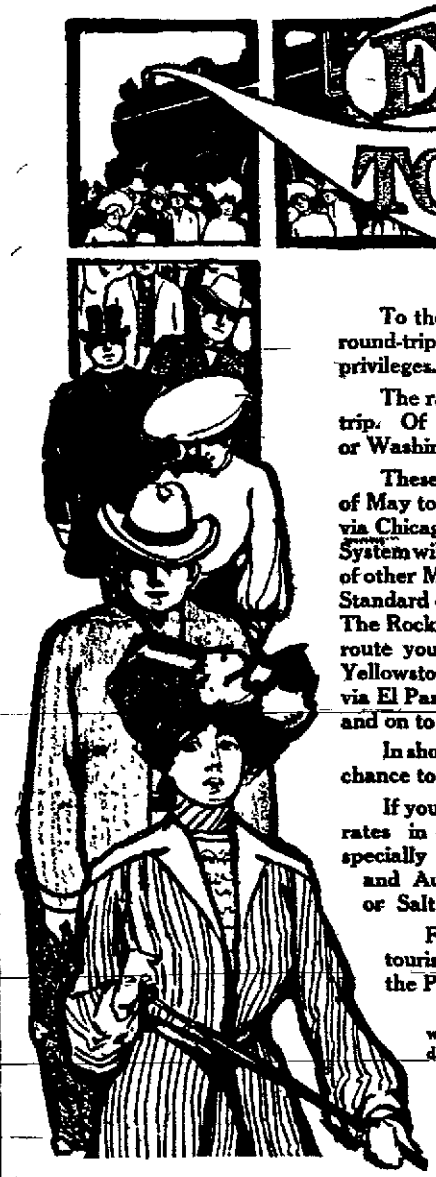
Notice is hereby given that an application will be made under the Corporation Act of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Saturday the 22nd day of July A D 1905 under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874 and its supplements for a charter for an intended corporation to be called The Commercial Union Telephone Company the character of the business of which are to build purchase lease and maintain telephone and telegraph exchanges and lines in the several counties of Clinton Garfield Tioga Bradford Potter Cameron Venango Butler Armstrong Forest Warren Crawford Jefferson and Clarion in the State of Pennsylvania and to maintain and operate all such systems necessary for the purposes aforesaid and enjoy all the rights privileges and immunities conferred by said Act and the supplements thereto

W D Ziegler
Solicitor

Executors' Notice

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of William McCullough late of Jay township Elk County Pa deceased have been granted to the undersigned residing in Jay township Elk County Pa All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against it will present the same duly authenticated for settlement

Mildred Hess
Executrix
Henry Reiter
Executor
Ridgway Pa R F D No 1 June 30 1905



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To the Pacific Coast—to California, Oregon, Washington—round-trip, long transit and return limits, liberal stop-over privileges.

The rate is practically on the basis of one fare for the round trip. Of course, if you wish to visit *both* California and *Oregon* or Washington, the cost is slightly more.

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In short, these Pacific Coast excursions offer an unusually good chance to see our western country in a comprehensive manner.

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From September 15 to October 31, 1905, one-way tourist or "colonist" tickets will be on sale to California and the Pacific Northwest—about half regular fare.

If interested, send name and address on this coupon, designating which booklet wanted and to what point you plan to go. Name probable date of start also, so we can advise definitely with respect to rates, etc.

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